

The TATLER

Vol. CXX. No. 1555.



London, April 15, 1931

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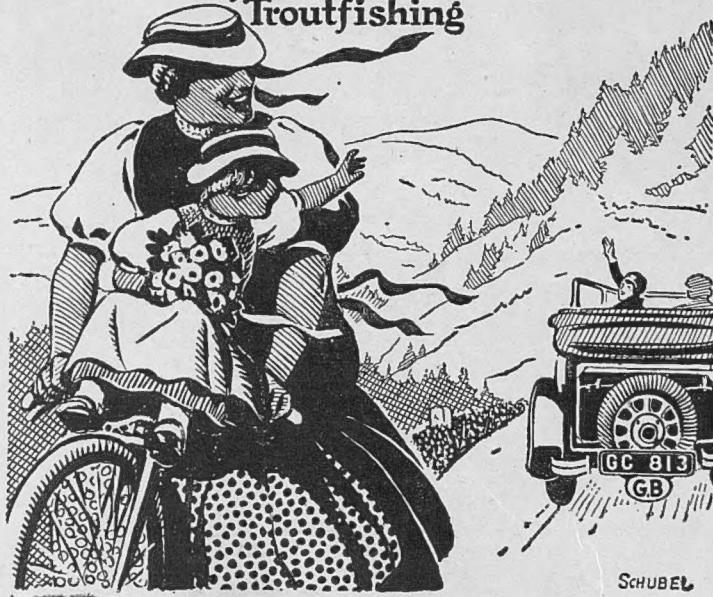
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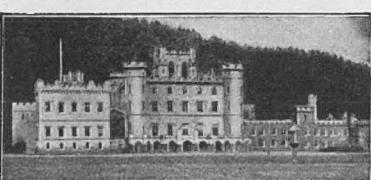
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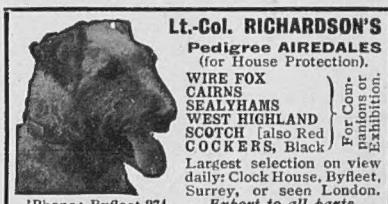
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The TATLER



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London, April 15, 1931

POSTAGE: Inland 2½d.; Canada and
Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 5½d.

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IN "AUTUMN CROCUS": MR. FRANCIS LEDERER AND MISS FAY COMPTON

As the Inn-keeper described as "the gentleman in gay braces," and the School-mistress described as "the lady in spectacles," in this quite charming little play at the Lyric. It is all about a little school-mistress who falls in love with a Tyrolean inn-keeper, who, unfortunately, happens to be already married. Miss Fay Compton plays the lady quite charmingly. Surely no more versatile actress than she is upon the stage to-day; principal boy in a pantomime, the Ophelia in the recent production of "Hamlet," then the heroine in the "Tell England" film, and now this



AT THE R.A. CHASES AT SANDOWN:
WING-COMMANDER LOUIS GREIG AND
HIS DAUGHTERS

Wing-Commander Louis Greig has been a Gentleman Usher to His Majesty since 1924 and was formerly Comptroller to H.R.H. the Duke of York. He entered the Navy as a surgeon-lieutenant in 1906. He went to the R.A.F. in 1918 as a major, after having been a prisoner of war in Germany in 1915

EASTER golf, my dear, means Le Touquet to a lot of people. There is something about crossing the Channel which makes a holiday definite. You know where it begins and ends, and that narrow strip of water seems to insulate problems and worries. All the same, I have never quite mastered the art of enjoyment *en masse*, although the whole secret of success for any resort is that space should be too limited for the population. Therefore, it was not wholly patriotism which confined my attention to English air and exercise during the holidays, but knowing you would be interested in what was going on in the French golfing capital, I incited a sleuth to report of the proceedings.

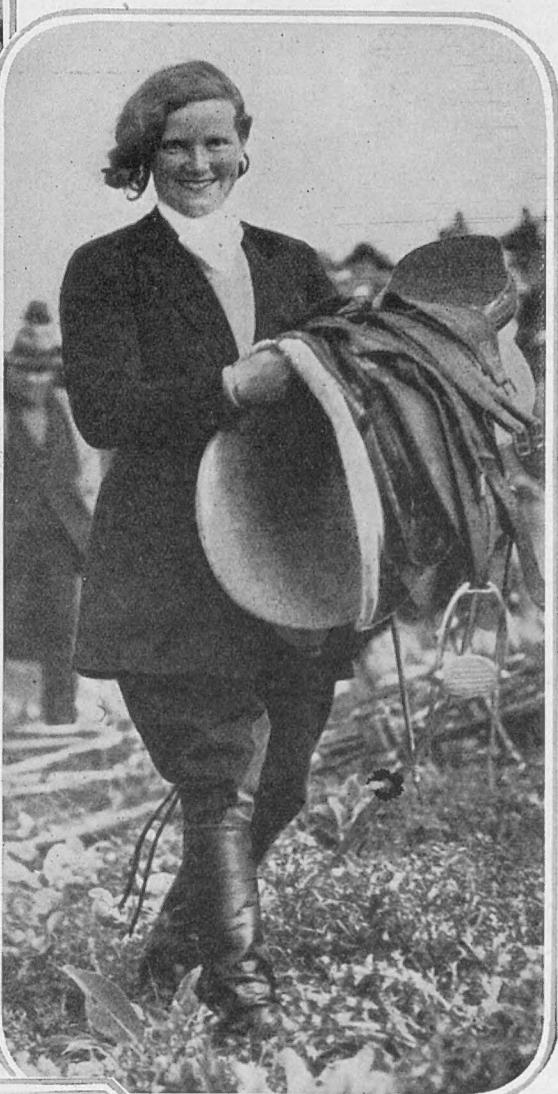
The new course, of course, was praised and crabbed in turn by self-appointed critics; it is a curious thing that people who criticize adversely are usually considered more perceptive than those who approve. Anyhow, everyone wanted to play a round or two on it in order to be in the fashion. The



AT THE HAYDON POINT-TO-POINT: MAJOR C. A. BRANFILL, M.F.H.
AND CAPTAIN FAIRLESS HARRISON

Snapshotted just before they went out to have a dart in the Hunt Sweepstakes at this meeting which was held at Dotland Park, Hexham, Northumberland. Major Branfill took on the Mastership of these hounds this season and hunts hounds himself

The Letters of Eve



AT THE ROMAN FOXHOUNDS
POINT-TO-POINT: THE CONTESSA
ALINE MACCHI DI CELLERE

With the winning smile appropriate to the occasion, for she had just ridden the winner of the Oriolo Prize. The country is in the Campagna, all grass, and the obstacles very stiff timber and very numerous wide stone walls

queue waiting to drive off was considerable, but no one minded sitting about and watching their friends (especially if they foozled) as long as the sun was out. Though evidently willing to oblige, this valued visitor was intermittent, and definitely struck on Sunday.

* * *

Being of an independent turn of mind I should like to avoid the obvious by omitting Lord Portarlington's name from the list of Le Touquetites; this, however, is impossible, and it is difficult to imagine what the place would do without his benign

visitations. Lord Willoughby de Broke, having just finished the season with his hounds, the Warwickshire, was recuperating from his efforts at finding sufficiently retarding remarks to make to his zealous field. Apart from being M.F.H., Lord Willoughby also takes great interest in racing and owns an aeroplane.

Captain and Mrs. Charles Pim were at Le Touquet as well. They are well-known figures at St. Moritz, where he is one of the most dashing "bobbers"; Mrs. Claude Leigh, with her fair hair parted down the middle, giving a serenity to her good-looking face, was an ornament to the Casino in the evenings; Mrs. Philip Kindersley, bright and attractive as befits a Guinness; Lady Seafield, and Miss Betty Grosvenor with her fiancé, Lord Harcourt, were to be seen too. I can't give you a really complete list, for it would exhaust my space as well as you, but Lady Annaly, Lady Lymington, and Lady Dufferin were three

of the people there who cannot be omitted.

* * *

Having gone west myself for Easter I found plans well laid for racing at Wincanton on the Monday. In spite of a too lavish supply of rain this was an agreeable arrangement, for the one day steeplechase meetings held there in the spring and autumn

people can compete with the Master of the South and West Wilts across a country, and Mrs. Bell has won countless contests in Ireland, riding against men.

Among the many M.F.H.'s at Wincanton were Colonel Sutton from the South Dorset, and Colonel Wingfield-Digby with his wife and son, who has been participating in 'Varsity chases. Mrs. Hoare, Lord Tredgar's sister, was in great conversational request, and her many friends in

the Blackmore Vale country are most pleased to hear that she may be hunting with them next season. Further spectators



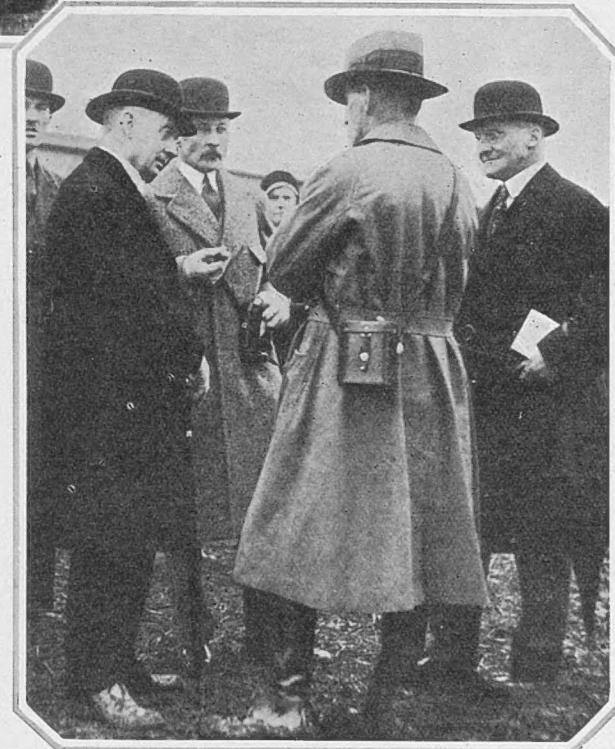
Poole, Dublin
CAPTAIN THE HON. BRUCE OGILVY
AND MISS PRIMROSE O'BRIEN AT
FAIRYHOUSE

Captain Bruce Ogilvy and Miss O'Brien are to be married at St. Andrew's Roman Catholic Cathedral, Dundee, on the 28th. He was formerly an Equerry to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and Miss O'Brien is the daughter of Mr. R. W. O'Brien, agent of the Bank of Ireland in Drogheda

are always excellently run. Lord Stalbridge, as chairman of the directors, is largely responsible for such a satisfactory state of things, his interest in the production of a good day's sport being very active. There was loud vocal proof of his popularity when Ben Moy, carrying his colours and trained under his supervision, won the second race. Lady Ilchester and Lady Alington both brought parties, and Miss Nell Ward, who becomes Lady Stavordale on Friday, April 17, at St. Martin-in-the-Fields, was with her sister, Mrs. Michael Hornby. I also observed Mrs. Isaac Bell being inundated with compliments on her daughter's recent racing triumphs.

* * *

To be successful in five consecutive point-to-points is a really remarkable feat for a young lady who is still in the schoolroom, and it is a pleasure to see Miss Diana Bell ride, for her horsemanship is admirable. She certainly has heredity to help her; few



Poole, Dublin
AT THE IRISH "NATIONAL": PRESIDENT COSGRAVE,
LORD ANNALY, MR. JUSTICE WYLIE, M.S.H., AND
MR. P. S. LAIDLAW

The President of the Irish Free State, like all his countrymen, is fond of a bit of sport, and is not unknown with the famous "Wards," of which Mr Justice Wylie is the very popular Master. The man on the left is the President's detective. Mr. P. S. Laidlaw is a brother of the Right Hon. T. K. Laidlaw, High Sheriff of Co. Dublin



THE HON. ELIZABETH AND THE HON.
BARBARA BRAND AT THE TRING
HUNTER TRIALS

The Tring Farmers' Draghounds held their annual hunter trials at Slapton, near Leighton Buzzard, in the Whaddon country. The Hon. Elizabeth and the Hon. Barbara Brand are two of the daughters of Lord and Lady Hampden

may be hunting with them next season. Further spectators

were Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Essex, and Sir Archibald and Lady Langman. Sir Archibald owns one of the loveliest houses in Somerset, Cadbury Court. One side of it is pure Elizabethan and the reverse Georgian, and both aspects are delightful.

* * *

Lady Margaret Spencer's engagement to Mr. Henry Douglas-Home is a most popular plan. Lord Spencer's youngest sister is fair, vivacious, particularly intelligent, and very musical. She plays the piano exceptionally well, and when she was staying at Government House, Capetown, with Lord Athlone and Princess Alice she was constantly being asked to make melody for the benefit of the assembled company. Having no home in London, Lady Margaret stays a great deal with her sister, Lady Delia Peel, in Hill Street.

Mr. Douglas-Home has a flat in Upper Brook Street and is in the lucky position of not having to journey to the City to work, his business being conveniently housed in Carlos Place. His parents, Lord and Lady Home, live in Scotland, and he has a very attractive younger sister, Lady Rachel, who came out last season. She spends most of her time in the north, which is a great loss to London.

(Continued overleaf)

c*2

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

If you are tired of reading about point-to-points, you must miss out this paragraph, for I insist upon describing the day when the South Notts Hunt held theirs. As far as weather was

concerned it was most lugubrious, being incessantly wet, but, all the same, quantities of people came to look on.

The fact that there was a ladies' race probably contributed to the gate, for this is an inevitable draw. Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey, wife of the Joint Master, loves having a ride, and this year had two horses entered, Mrs. Seely having the mount on her second string. After a very good race all the honours went to their neighbours, for Leicestershire provided the winner, Mrs. Edward Greenall, Mrs. Mather - Jack -

son and Miss Balding being second and third. As the course was not very easy for spectators to get a good view, a lot of foot-work was done running up and down the hills which separated the fences. Mrs. Colin Buist, Colonel and Mrs. Alexander, Miss Camilla Gurdon, and Colonel Geoffrey Lockett came to applaud the victory for their own adjacent Hunt, and Lady Ursula gave a party that evening to celebrate success or to drown disappointment.

* * *

With springtime fancy lightly turning to thoughts of sails, and boats and fitting out, I drifted into the Goupil Gallery, where Richard Carline and John Duguid have a show of pictures mostly painted during a voyage on the *Grace Harwar*, the sailing-ship on which that splendid film, *Windjammer*, was made. As you can imagine, we get a good many "Views of bowsprit," "Bending sails on the yards," "The starboard watch going aloft," "The cook's galley," "Scrubbing the decks," and so on, all very salt and seamanlike, my hearties! I must say I liked this breezy atmosphere immensely, and could very nearly hear the whistle of the wind in the rigging and feel the roll of the ship beneath me as I gazed at the pictures. Among the oil paintings there is an amusing one of a couple of "hands" on deck waking before dawn inside a mosquito net, and others in this medium were some delightfully vivid interiors, besides various clever paintings of tombstones and cemeteries for which Mr. Carline has a kind of flair. Two portraits done by the same artist at the age of seven show an extraordinary sense of values, and are a most precocious evidence of the future trend of his talents.

* * *

From information received, mud seems to have been well in evidence at the Ward Union steeplechases at Fairyhouse. After several days rain its presence was hardly surprising, but many feet were unprepared for it, and wearers of thin shoes and stockings caused plenty of amusement to more sensibly shod friends by their frantic efforts to extricate ruined extremities from deep and miry graves.

Another and more pleasant feature of the meeting was the remarkable success of women owners who held winning honours



AT LE TOUQUET: THE COUNTESS OF DUDLEY AND MRS. THOMPSON

As usual Le Touquet had a large English floating population in Easter week, and it was lucky that it struck slightly better weather than we did here. Lady Dudley, formerly Miss Gertie Millar, and Lord Dudley are amongst Le Touquet's most faithful patrons.

son and Miss Balding being second and third. As the course was not very easy for spectators to get a good view, a lot of foot-work was done running up and down the hills which separated the fences. Mrs. Colin Buist, Colonel and Mrs. Alexander, Miss Camilla Gurdon, and Colonel Geoffrey Lockett came to applaud the victory for their own adjacent Hunt, and Lady Ursula gave a party that evening to celebrate success or to drown disappointment.

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in four out of the seven events. The Irish Grand National went to Impudent Barney, belonging to Mrs. Webster, who was there to see him run. Lady Helen McCalmont's Calm Crossing credited his owner with a loudly-cheered win in the last race. She and her husband were staying with Lady Helen's mother, Frances Lady Conyngham, at Slane Castle, and came with a large party. Mrs. Victor Parr's Pry won the Maiden Plate, and Mrs. C. S. Bird, a most popular American, annexed the Dunboyne Plate with Heartbreak Hill.

* * *

Among the unexpectedly large crowd, who refused to be deterred by the uncertain weather, were Lady Lambart and her Etonian son, Sir Oliver; Lady Ossory dressed all in brown, Lady Brooke, and Sir Lingard and Lady Goulding, whose party consisted largely of young people.

Mrs. Derrick Murphy's delicious Swedish fairness was perfectly set off by a dark-red three-quarter length suède coat worn over a suiting of the same shade with a gay little round cap to match. Mrs. Brinsley Plunket, in a grey suit, also looked particularly nice. She and her husband are more than delighted with Luttrellstown which her father, Mr. Ernest Guinness, has given them as a belated wedding present. This entrancing place boasts a tower built in the reign of King John, and a haunted room as well as many less exciting but more congenial attractions.

Others to be seen were Captain Bruce Ogilvy and Miss Primrose O'Brien who are to be married this month, and Sir Anthony Weldon and his brother Terence. Mr. Peter Burrell and his wife were also on view, and it was impossible to miss Lord Milton by reason of the huge checks which decorated him.

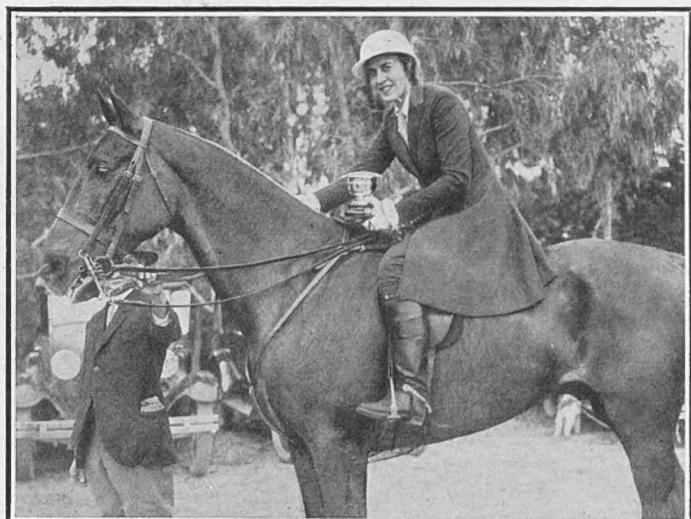
Everyone was delighted to see Mr. Geoffrey Gilpin back from Zurich. He was able to recognize all his friends, and he and his wife were being overwhelmed with congratulations on the wonderful results achieved by the oculist.

* * *

English people are getting more and more nomadic, and its a dull year that doesn't contain at least one journey abroad. All parts of Europe are becoming almost local, but Africa can still produce new experiences exciting enough for anyone. Big game hunters who went off for the winter have either returned or are on their way home. In every case their enthusiasm for this sport is tremendous. Mrs. Sofer Whitburn was particularly lucky, bagging a fine elephant with tusks weighing over 100 lb. apiece. In addition, she and Colonel Whitburn shot specimens of almost every animal available in Kenya.

Lord Furness also met with a good deal of success, and Captain and Mrs. Kellett enjoyed their trip enormously. Fired with the description of life on shikari, Miss Marjorie Leigh and Miss Diana Fellowes are leaving for Africa at the end of this month, and hope to take an active part in this exciting pursuit.

On their way home from South America the Prince of Wales and Prince George are, I hear, to spend a few days at Estoril, the little seaside place near Lisbon, which everyone says is so charming. Golf is one of its attractions and a new casino was opened there this winter.—Love from EVE.



Chas. E. Brown
AT THE CALPE POINT-TO-POINT: MISS TALIA LARIOS

On Drapeau, the steed on which she won the Ladies' Chase at the Calpe Hunt Point-to-Point, which, as usual, was held at Guardacoste. The Atlantic Fleet was in strong force as it was held on the day before the ships sailed for their home ports

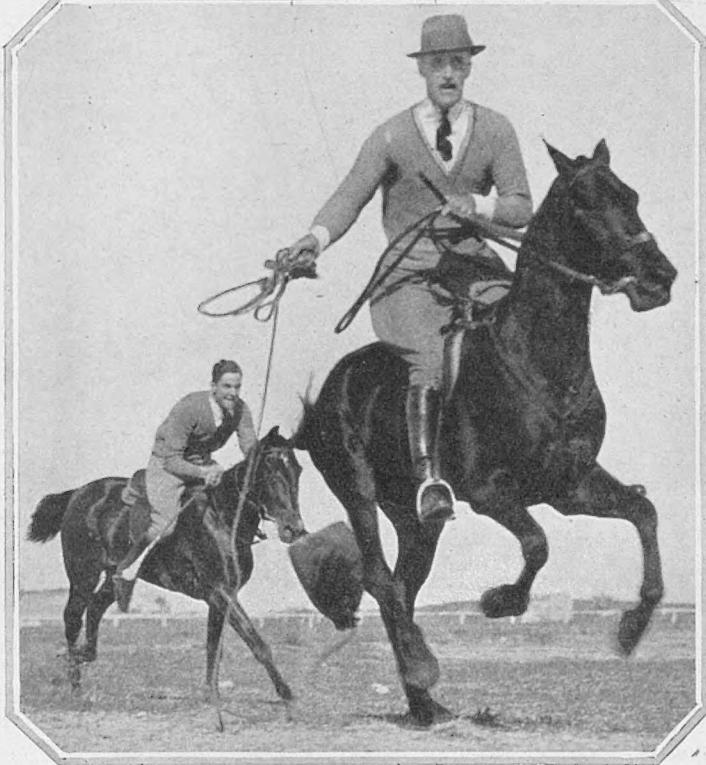
SPORT AT THE ROCK



AT THE CALPE POINT-TO-POINT: MR. AND MRS. W. H. SMITH AND CAPTAIN THE HON. BARRY BINGHAM, V.C.



AT THE GYMKHANA: MISS MAJENDIE



"PIGSTICKING": CAPTAIN STAMER AVEC "HOG" AND PURSUER



LADY MYRTLE JELLINE AND MR. H. G. DE CHAIR

Captain the Hon. Barry Bingham, who got his V.C. at Jutland for the pursuit of the retreating German Fleet, has commanded H.M.S. Resolution since 1929, and is a son of the late Lord Clanmorris and a brother of the present one, and like most of the rest of the family is a good man on a horse. He and Mr. and Mrs. Smith were at the Calpe Hunt Point-to-Point at Guardacoste in their country, which, of course, is on the main-land, as on the Rock itself the only quarry is a scorpion! The other pictures were taken at the Gibraltar Polo Club Gymkhana held on the race-course on the North Front, and was as usual a great success. Lady Myrtle Jellicoe is seen competing in the Gretna Green race. It is a mercy, so some people think, that Gymkhana "pig" never are able to charge. The pursuer in the picture would be "for it" if Captain Stamer's pig were alive

Photographs by Charles E. Brown

The Cinema

I AM not and have never been a fanatic for historical accuracy. Irving began this nonsense when, prior to his production of *Faust*, he sent to Nuremberg for an exact copy of the gates of that city. This seems to me to be archaism run mad. Suppose a scene to be set in the Escorial or the Alhambra or Versailles or, for the matter of that, the Tower of London, why then I personally am quite content with something vaguely Spanish or Moorish, sufficiently neo-pseudo-classical or whatever Versailles may be, or in the case of our own home - product something reasonably Early English. Of course accuracy, if it doesn't cost any more, is just as good as inaccuracy; I am not incommodeed or put off by verisimilitude. If in some far-flung film some turbanned and be-diamonded Rajah must espouse some nitwit member of the Ziegfeld Follies and so make an honest Begum of her in front of the Taj Mahal, again in these days of cheap railway fares I see no harm in transporting the pair, complete with officiating clergyman and bridesmaids, from the Hollywood lot to the actual place. They will probably enjoy the trip, and anyhow the expense of it will only be a drop in the non-sensical ocean of Hollywood expenditure. Whenever this question of realism crops up I am reminded of the too officious Press - man who, commenting on Miss Evelyn Laye's forth-coming appearance as Cleopatra in the musical comedy of that name, informed a staggered world that that charming lady had made herself personally acquainted with the history of every mummy in the British Museum. This seemed to me to be over-doing it, just as I think it would have been over-doing it if Mr. Clarkson, prior to fitting Miss Laye with a wig, found it necessary to read the entire works of that great Egyptologist, Professor Flinders Petrie.

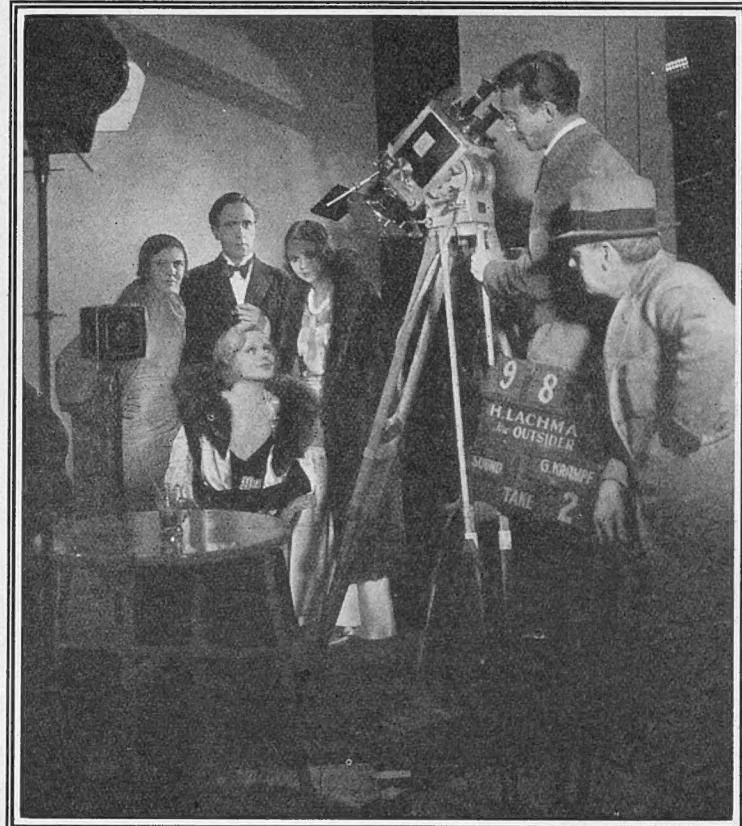
The fore-going has been occasioned by some complaints as to the inaccuracies in the film, *Tell England*, at the Palace Theatre. The old-time Sergeant who takes a squad in bayonet fighting does not wear a moustache! An infantry officer wears cavalry boots in the trenches! And so on, and so forth. I am prepared to believe that these two complaints are well-founded; what I can enter into is the mind of the complainant. *De minimis non curat* a lot of other things besides the law. What seems to me to be much more important is the minimizing of the landing on V Beach of the 29th Division, when apparently all that had to be faced was one machine-gun. Why not have shown us the Turkish preparations? A still greater fault is the message which this film is supposed to tell England. To judge by what we are shown on the screen, death in modern war is a nice, clean, sentimental business round which appropriate mottoes may still be woven for the edification of whoever is going to bear the brunt of the next war. At the end of this film, Mr. Carl Harbord, looking as though he had just come out of some Bond Street toilet-saloon, passes away in a nice bed and with every comfort, including spotless sheets. When I came out of the Palace my taxi-driver asked eagerly what it was like. He had some reason for asking since in 1915 he had taken part in the show. I answered that Gallipoli looked very like Welwyn Garden City where, of course, the film was made. I go back to something I have said before in these columns, that every film which represents war as a tidy and decorous business essentially

The Wrong Message By JAMES AGATE

lies. I am not a film-producer, and therefore I do not know exactly how the screen should set about reproducing the muddle, squalor, stench, heat, filth, and flies which, for anybody who was there, are all inseparable from Gallipoli. There are terrible pictures in the Imperial War Museum, and there are some so terrible that they have never been shown. There is a terrible passage in Mr. A. P. Herbert's *The Secret Battle*, in which he describes how the bodies of six men who had been shot turned black within the hour. It may be that Messrs. Asquith and Barkas did contrive some shots in which this impression was faithfully given, and that these shots have been cut. But that is not the point, or rather criticism cannot take into account that which it is not shown. I suggest that what England and every other country ought to be told about war is not the old story of mad and hectic heroism followed by peaceful demise with a school-chum at hand to soothe the pillow, but what a man looks like who has been dead a fortnight.

It is significant that in this film Miss Fay Compton is featured to the extent of having her name in the programme in rather blacker type than anybody else. I have not a word to say against this charming actress' acting, and it is not her fault that she is vilely photographed. Neither, I suppose, is it Mr. Asquith's fault that the first half hour or so of the film is given over to romantic school-boy nonsense about how somebody by his prowess at a swimming gala helps his school to defeat some other collection of little English gentlemen in spotless bathing - drawers and with embryo Oxford accents. Neither, I suppose, is it Mr. Asquith's fault that whereas the officers at Gallipoli are shown as the flower of the English countryside, the rank and file are exhibited as either cretinous or afflicted with chronic catarrh and unskilled in the use of the handkerchief. It is always possible that Mr. Ernest Raymond's book is merely silly, or that Mr. Asquith and his partner have been prevented from producing the bits in it which are not silly. There are some good war scenes, of course, but the net result of them is inspiring.

There is an interview between the newly-joined officer and his Colonel, who tells the boy that he knew his father well, and has the young man enough Greek to know that jolly epitaph about dying agreeably to one's country's laws, the inference being that to be blown to bits is all in the public-school tradition? In my view a film about Gallipoli should cut all the public-school nonsense, and begin by telling us what it was hoped to achieve by the landing, and what was meant by the failure. It should end by sending those of the audience who have been able to sit it through out into the street feeling horribly sick. Such a film as I contemplate would, when next the war fever arises, force people to say that this horror shall not be. The message of *Tell England* is that, since apparently such horrors must be, it is a sweet and decorous thing for our young men to take their part in it; that this, in short, is what Eton and its playing fields, or any other school and its swimming galas, are for. From this point of view, *Tell England* is a thoroughly bad film, though as a sentimental entertainment through which chocolates may be tearfully munched, it is doubtless admirable. That the kind of war-film I am advocating would not pay expenses, and that *Tell England* will make a lot of money for Wardour Films, Ltd., is not my concern.



"THE OUTSIDER" FILMED

This film of the famous play, all about the "quack" doctor, was made by the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer organization at the Elstree Studios, and is to be released in May. In this group are: Miss Molly Castle (Mrs. M. Churton Castle), Mr. Hamilton, Miss Joan Barry; seated—Miss Vera Bailey, Mr. G. Krampf, the camera man, and Mr. Lachman, the director

"THE BELLE" AT DALY'S



MISS MOLLY FISHER (MAMIE), MR. JOHNNY SCHOFIELD (BLINKY BILL), MR. NORMAN PAGE (VON PUMPERNICK)



At top—MISS KATHLEEN BURGIS (THE BELLE OF NEW YORK); below—MISS MOLLY FISHER (MAMIE) AND MR. JOHNNY SCHOFIELD (BLINKY BILL)

"The Belle" is still the subject of all the town talk and once again in London, where first Edna May made her so famous. The great old musical comedy, revived so successfully at Daly's, is hardly a day older, and it was an inspiration to exhume her and let her play to popular prices. She fills Daly's to capacity at every performance, and thoroughly deserves every bit of her success, for she (Miss Kathleen Burgis) and every man Jack and woman Jill in the cast pull their weight, and then a bit. It is an overwhelming success, and is to be succeeded by some more exhumations, "The Geisha" being, so they say, the next on the list, to be followed by another old favourite



MISS DOROTHY WARD (CORA ANGELIQUE) AND MR. BERT BYRNE (ICHABOD BRONSON)

Photographs by Sasha

Racing Ragout

By "GUARDRAIL"

A CHARMING meeting is the Brigade of Guards Steeplechases at Hawthorn Hill, even if now they have done away with the wonderful lunch they used to run. Generally the heavy clay course gets cut up during the winter and then baked hard by the time this meeting comes along, so that a fall is no joke, and even if the fences are not very large some of the horses make falls a very non-insurable risk. I can remember one race there when the other four runners having fallen the odds-on favourite had to be pulled up and allowed to catch his wind before he could even finish the course alone! It is all a very sporting show and everyone gets up and has a ride regardless of weight. "Peter" Ackroyd, who won the Welsh Guards' race on Ardent had, according to himself, gone in for the most drastic methods of weight reducing, but even so his displacement was well over the Plimsoll mark, and the proffered 1 lb. saddle, he quite rightly considered, didn't fit him well enough. It goes without saying that General "George" Paynter won his race for the "nth" time, an omission of which would be sufficient to start a mutiny of all ranks.

The new Saturday's racing at Kempton drew a good attendance, but nothing compared to what assembled in the pestilential weather on the Monday to see the Queen's Prize run for. This race takes very little winning, and if Ascot form is anything to go by, which it generally is, the race was a good thing for the winner to beat a poor lot of handicappers. Jugo can never act in this sort of going, and his poor display need be taken no account of. He is fit from hurdling and on the Epsom going, which is nearly always more than firm, he will for a certainty be knocking at the door in the Metropolitan if he runs.

The amazing hold that racing has on the public is exemplified on Easter Monday when there is a meeting of sorts every twenty-five miles all over England, and every meeting crowded. Towcester, the biggest of the



Truman Howell
THE N. AND S. SHROPSHIRE POINT-TO-POINT

Brig.-General Hugh Cholmondeley, C.B., who acted as judge at the North and South Shropshire Hunt Point-to-Point races, is seen in this group with his wife, who was formerly Miss Violet Parker, a niece of the Earl of Macclesfield. Their wedding took place a few weeks ago. General Cholmondeley is a past Master of the North Shropshire Hunt. The names, left to right, are: Mrs. W. Parker, Michael Parker, Mrs. T. Marshall Brooks, Mrs. Cholmondeley, and Brig.-General Cholmondeley

Midland meetings, has been improved out of all recognition in the last few years, and most of the local fox-hunters attend it. The big race was won by Lord Glenapp's beautiful chestnut, Magic Moon, whom "Rattle" brought to the post looking a picture. This small stable has done remarkably well this year.

Easter Monday, owing to the closing of the post offices in the morning, is one of the days in the year for S.P. coups, the telegrams not being delivered in the country till next day. It was on a small course not a hundred miles from Cambridge a few years ago that one had the opportunity of seeing the mind of a master financier and organizer at work. The situation was that there were but four runners in a race of which two were useless and unfancied. There were but two book-makers in the members' enclosure, one of which owned and had backed one of the fancied horses S.P., while he had also done the commission for the other fancied horse S.P.

By dint of shouting he contrived to lever both horses out to a nominal 2 to 1, though he evaded laying them to any money. In the race his own horse was beaten by the other, but he had the ace of trumps still in his hand. As the accredited returner of the S.P. !!! he returned his own horse at 7 to 4 on, the winner, on which he had saved, at 4 to 1 against, and he got a fifty pound guarantee at the subsequent auction, so that it would have been hard for him to take much harm.

The "Gunners" had a glorious day for their regimental meeting at Sandown, and even if, as was said, the fences are allowed to get a bit weaker for the two military meetings, the show was a very good one and the riding improved out of all recognition. Not so long ago every race used to be won by Major Cavanagh, Captain Dennis, or Mr. Lumsden, but now there is a lot of fresh talent coming along and winner-finding isn't what it used to be. The horses, too, many trained privately, are much fitter, the idea of producing the horse at the post either in the condition of a riding wheel gun horse or else after undergoing the severest of Yorke Davis régimes having been completely discarded.

There would seem to be a religious revival on foot from the number of sandwich men (?) carrying boards with hair-raising biblical threats on them at every meeting.

Are football and other crowds also considered brands to be snatched from the burning, or is it that the sermons of a well-known sporting writer have attracted this help for us? Whichever way it is they might keep on the path.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL THE HON.
CHARLES LAMBTON

Whose Trimdon won the Queen's Prize at Kempton, a most popular success, as almost everybody backed him. The Hon. Charles Lambton is an uncle of the Earl of Durham, and a brother of the famous Newmarket trainer, the Hon. George

THE LONDON DEVONIAN DINNER



GLORIOUS DEVON IN LONDON—BY FRED MAY

The London Devonian Association held its annual dinner at the Connaught Rooms, with Lieut.-Colonel Charles Pinkham in the chair, and F.-M. Sir William Birdwood, late Commander-in-Chief in India, as the guest of honour. Lord Mildmay of Flete is the President of the Association. As was appropriate to a gathering of the most clannish county in the British Isles, the language of France was disdained in what was called the "menoo," and the things you have first at a dinner of this description were described as "Zardines twiddley bits and zo vorth vor appetizers," the fish was entitled "Exmoor Torridge Zammon wi' Bideford Zauce and Cowcumbers," and the rest was made to match. Anyone who has not had the felicity to be born in Devon is regarded more or less as a "foreigner," or at the best "up-country." It is a right spirit to have a "guid conceit" of yourself



AT MONTE: THE HON. ESMOND HARMSWORTH, SEÑORITA DE ALVAREZ, AND M. VLADIMIR SANDAM

On the famous Country Club Courts at Monte at Easter time, where it was a bit different from the blue-nosed, snivelly weather we had here in the blessed British Isles. M. Vladimir Sandam is the peerless Mlle. Nikitina's brother

three hundred, and so are as unobserved, as complete a nonentity, as if you were a vacuum cleaner or an ash-tray. I rather enjoy talking to strangers on public benches; yet I find it often very tiring mentally to escort an acquaintance to a theatre. Am I unsociable? Am I gregarious? I don't know, and I am old enough not to care either way very much. But I know what I am not, nor should ever be—though I won the first prize in the Irish "sweep" twice running—I know I should never be one of those wealthy people through whose home files past a weekly succession of people, members of what is called a week-end house-party; men and women who come and go calling themselves "friends," who are nevertheless infuriated if they don't have the best of everything, and are bored to tears if it doesn't overflow all over them all the time. It must be such a thankless, wearisome game—this game of being a "great hostess." Such a lot of trouble for such a little gain. Tactful "yapping" for hours on end. How it would bore me! Crowds of strangers can be amusing. Crowds of so-called "friends" are just "noise"—with, for the most part, the "cat symphony" as a quiet running accompaniment. Scarcely worth the pain and trouble either to collect or to entertain even when you've got them well massed together. Yet it is an "art" all the same. I sometimes wonder whether a woman be born a "hostess" or whether she achieves it by sheer nerve. Lavishness is not enough, anyway. Who does not inwardly loathe the second visit to the friend who seems to ask people merely to show them round her beautiful home, or the "host" who insists that every morning you walk round and round his stables? Moreover, some hosts and hostesses give one the impression that they have only asked you in order that you may entertain them and otherwise be able to "boss" you while you are there. The perfect hostess is very rare. And anyone more difficult to define I do not know. I only know what a perfect hostess is *not*. What she *is*, is as elusive of explanation as love. I really think that Mrs. Rose Henniker Heaton has got nearest to the mystery in her witty and entertaining little book, "The Perfect Hostess" (Methuen, 7s. 6d.), which Mr. Alfred Taylor has "decorated" so amusingly. But then, Mrs. Heaton is the authoress of that classic, "The Perfect Guest," and after all, the ultimate success of any hostess can only be claimed for her by her guests. Incidentally, this is really a little companion volume to that famous volume, "The Week-End Book," only less "high-brow" perhaps. Its advice has been culled from all kinds of unexpected quarters. For instance, a very well-known cricketer has compiled the perfect cricketer's lunch menu, the lunch which you give to your own

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

On Going to Stay.

Except in the homes of very dear friends I hate going to stay with people. I love people coming to stay with me! I don't mind how many "long days" I spend with acquaintances, but oh! I do like to sleep in my own bed at night. Yet, curiously enough, I enjoy staying in hotels; especially those huge hotels where you are one of roughly

team before the match, and the lunch which you give to the visiting team before that match (that is, if you want your own team to win). Also the kind of meal you give to a country relative who comes up to London for the day, and the kind of little dinner which an aunt most appreciates who has just been to the dentist. Advice to husbands and wives too, since a "nagging" household never brought to any guest the feeling that she would have spent a far less comfortable week-end had she stopped at home. I am not quite sure that I altogether agree with the antidote herein described to fill up the awful pause which follows some terrible gaucherie. I am sure that if somebody suddenly said apropos of nothing: "I am so glad the Derby is going to be run in France next year," the awful "pause" would be doubly confounded. It would create a greater diversion if the hostess suddenly "choked" or trod on the dog under the table. This, however, is a completely joyous book. So amusing, so witty, and so wise. Compiled of shrewdness, experience, and a perfect sense of humour. In fact, it is one of the best "casual books" I have ever come across. I mean it is the kind of volume you can pick up, open anywhere, and be certain of a good laugh. Best of all, it is never trite. It concentrates on the unusual in a hostess's life. For example, what could be more unusual, yet more likely to happen, than this occasion: "The woman your husband *nearly* married comes to lunch"? Well, here is the procedure: "Engage a charwoman the day before to come in and rub up the brasses, clean the silver, etc. Make special efforts over the flowers. See that a bright fire is burning cheerfully. Interesting magazines lying about. Volume of Proust, complete with paper-cutter, in prominent position on the table. Children on view in their new and spotless smocks. Numerous invitations propped upon chimney-piece. Wear your most becoming frock and your husband's latest present." There follows the correct luncheon menu for such an occasion, and surely it is an occasion which would find most otherwise perfect hostesses either at a disadvantage or else quite too cocksure to be perfect. At any rate, an occasion difficult to carry off as The Complete Lady. And therein lies the amusing value of this little book. It treats of the more trying situations in a hostess's life, and it is upon the successful manipulation of such situations that

the reputation of being a perfect hostess depends. Anyone can issue invitations; few can entertain.

* * * Victorian Fatuity.

In fact, I can guarantee that with Mrs. Henniker Heaton's "Perfect Hostess," and "Victorian" (Duckworth, 7s. 6d.), edited and compiled by Margaret Barton and Osbert Sitwell, the loneliest person can pass the very gayest evening. I have not been more quietly amused by two books for a long, long while. "Victorian" is a perfect collection of excerpts from pompous Victorian fatuity.



PRINCE MAGALOFF AND SIR EVAN GWINNNE EVANS AT BEAU SITE

Prince Magaloff is rated the best lawn tennis player in all Russia, and was competing at the Beau Site Tournament. Sir Evan Gwynne Evans succeeded to the baronetcy in 1927 on the death of his father, the late Sir William Gwynne Evans.

(Continued on p. 96)

WHAT A HEAD!

By George Belcher



The Observer: Funny thing, froth, ain't it?

The Philosopher: Yus. Stands between you and enjoyment, and yet you'd grouse if it warn't there

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

Uttered by the Greatest Men. Those fearful utterances, delivered by patriarchs and accepted in their day as revelation, which nevertheless provide a later generation with its loudest laughs. Each generation passes on its pompous fatuity for the amusement of those who come after, but the Victorian era—with its cant, its immense prosperity, its unconscious hypocrisy—surely provides a greater fund for laughter than any. It seemed to know so absolutely the difference between right and wrong, and that is always a temptation towards absurdity. Curiously enough, too, the Great Seers of the Victorian Age are to-day the very men whose utterances are most discounted, while the really great men and women of the Victorian era were the very men whom these same seers riled, persecuted, and condemned. This book contains the choicest specimens of their wrong-thinking. For example, Sir Gilbert

Scott on St. Pancras Station: "It is often spoken of to me as the finest building in London; my own belief is that it is possibly *too good* for its purpose." Again, "The Saturday Review" on Byron: "Had Lady Byron, in the interest of religion and morality, denounced her wretched husband—had she, in order to avert the baleful influence which his specious and debasing poetry was exercising over the minds of the susceptible—she would, in our judgment, have done a service to humanity. . . . The name of Byron will be a hissing and a scorn to all generations." And again, "The Daily Telegraph" on the Albert Memorial: "This memorial is assuredly the most consummate and elegant piece of elegiac art which modern genius has produced"; and the same newspaper on the death of Queen Victoria: ". . . that affects the unnumbered millions of mankind with universal mourning and will be bitterly remembered and felt through history to the last vibration of time." And what shall one think nowadays of

"The Times" blaming Tennyson for his "obscurity," or John Morley writing of Swinburne's "Poems and Ballads" that he "deserves credit for the audacious courage with which he has revealed to the world a mind all aflame with the feverish carnality of a schoolboy over the dirtiest passage in 'Lemprière'?" Or the "Quarterly Review" screaming, "We do not hesitate to say that the tone of mind and thought which has overthrown and violated every code human and divine abroad, and fostered Chartism and rebellion at home, is the same which has also written 'Jane Eyre'!" But the whole book is a glorious volume showing the almost sublime "wrongness" of some of the more famous Victorian literary, political, and artistic pontiffs. It is a gorgeous joke against the intolerant attitude of an age which found in intolerance a kind of mental reflection of its own wealth and security. Finally, Mr. Osbert Sitwell's Preface—witty, ironical, and wise—is alone worth the price asked for this wholly amusing book.



Son: Dad, if there was a stone and a bronze age, what age are we in now?
Father (sadly): The stony age, my boy!

"England rests her power, not upon physical force, but upon her principles, her intellect, and virtue" (Mr. Gladstone).

"A lady never looks worse than when gnawing a bone. Nothing should be sucked or gnawed in public" ("A Book on Manners," 1855).

"You must be good men, before you can either paint or sing, and then the colour and sound will complete in you all that is best" (Ruskin).

Paul Poiret's Memoirs.

"My First Fifty Years" (Gollancz, 10s. 6d.) is the third book on my list this week which I wouldn't have missed reading for double the price asked for it. It is stamped with the personality of a very individual man from the first page to the last. Also it gives an astoundingly vivid picture of the elegant pre-War life in Europe, in which figure brilliant vignettes of such people as Isadora Duncan, Réjane, the painters Vlaminck, Mrs. Asquith, Segonzac, Henri Bataille, Boni de Castellane, Monsieur Coty, Mistinguett, and some by no means flattering portraits of Baroness Henriette Rothschild and the Countess Greffulhe. There is much more in the book, however, than mere anecdote. M. Poiret, perhaps the most famous dress-designer of his day, was by nature an artist, who sees everything through the vision of a painter. The chapters which relate to his visits to Morocco are crammed with pen-pictures of unforgettable vividness and beauty. Yet it is his life, it is the man himself, which provide the main interest of the book and also its unique quality. Born in circumstances very far removed, psychologically speaking, from the Rue de la Paix, he nevertheless became the one great authority on women's clothes in the world and perhaps started more fashions than any other dress-designer who has ever existed. He lived for years in a state of

great magnificence. His gorgeous entertainments have become almost historic. Yet, as he proves in these shrewd, witty, and interesting memoirs, he never lost his simplicity, his almost unsophisticated eagerness to conquer fresh worlds, to live every moment of life to its fullest. His description of that dress parade which Mrs. Asquith, as she then was, organized in Downing Street and which, he tells us, had such a disastrous effect that afterwards she had to "order dresses in all the shops in London to give them proof of her loyalty and fidelity," has been quoted in almost every newspaper, and so I will merely give his own pen-portrait of her: "She was already one of the most alive and vivid personalities in the life of London . . . that long nose, full of race, that sharp profile, that bitter and contemptuous mouth, close-lipped but always in movement, betraying all the changes in her thought, that lofty bearing, those rapid and capricious gestures, a sort of Sioux chief. . . . She could neglect any effort to please because she imposed by her bearing, but she could only fascinate intelligent people whose criteria are beyond the vulgar range." Finally, in prosperity and in adversity Paul Poiret is an ideal *raconteur*—crisp, witty, picturesque. His biography is likely to be the biography of the season, and well it deserves to be.

Extracts from "Victorian."

"It is simply as a mild picture of domestic life in Christiania that Ibsen's 'Doll's House' has any interest at all" ("Daily News," 1889).

HOSPITALITY AND IRISH HAPPENINGS



AT BROUGHAM HALL: Left to right—MR. CARDIFF, THE HON. EILEEN BROUGHAM, MR. AND MRS. VYVYAN DRURY, LORD BROUGHAM, HIS FIANCÉE, MISS VALERIE FRENCH, THE HON. MRS. BROUGHAM, THE HON. ANTHONY BROUGHAM, MISS STEPHENSON, AND SIR R. THROCKMORTON



AT PHÉNIX PARK RACES: (Left) MR. AND MRS. PETER BURRELL; (centre) CAPTAIN CHARLES WHIDBORNE AND LADY HONOR GUINNESS; (right) THE HON. DENIS PLUNKET, THE HON. MRS. WHIDBORNE, AND THE HON. MRS. BRINSLEY PLUNKET

The group at the top of this page was taken at Lord Brougham's Cumberland home, where he recently entertained a large house party. His marriage to Miss Valerie French, Mrs. Vyvyan Drury's sister, will be celebrated on April 21. Lord Brougham's hospitality is famous and not long ago he took a party of eight to the Riviera for a fortnight and gave them a wonderful time. His mother, Mrs. Brougham, is a sister of Lord Alington. The Phoenix Park Easter meeting gave the camera a good run for its money, the paddock being packed with Irish and English personalities. Mr. Burrell, who is Sir Merrik Burrell's younger son, assists in the management of Colonel Loder's stud at the Curragh. His wife is a daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Stephen Hungerford Pollen. Lady Honor Guinness is Lord and Lady Iveagh's eldest daughter, and Captain Whidborne married Lord Plunket's younger sister. He is a brother-in-law of Mr. Denis Plunket and of Mrs. Brinsley Plunket, who was formerly Miss Aileen Guinness



THE INDIAN INFANTRY POLO TOURNAMENT AT BAREILLY

Kinsey Bros.

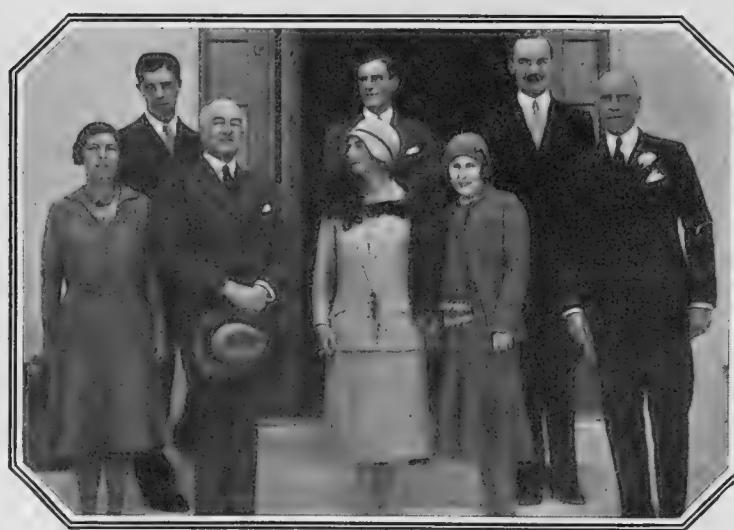
The 2nd Gurkhas beat the 1st K.R.R. (60th) in the final of the Infantry Tournament at Bareilly by 5 goals to 3. The names of the two teams in the group are: Back row—Captain C. G. Toogood (2nd Gurkhas), Mr. W. L. Walton (2nd Gurkhas), Captain C. M. H. Wingfield (60th Rifles), Mr. S. Whitbread (60th Rifles), and Lord Grenfell (60th Rifles); seated—Captain G. H. D. Woolcombe (2nd Gurkhas), Captain O. de T. Lovett (2nd Gurkhas), Captain G. E. R. C. Osborne (60th Rifles), and Captain E. F. Campbell (60th Rifles)



Victor Hey
MR. GEOFFREY UNWIN, M.F.H., AND HIS DOUBLE WINNER, "FRIENDSHIP"
The names, left to right, are: Mrs. Geoffrey Unwin, Mrs. Hurt, Mr. Fletcher (who rode him), and
Mr. Geoffrey Unwin, Joint Master of the Staintondale



Victor Hey
THE STAINTONDALE POINT-TO-POINT: LADY CAYLEY
AND MR. EUSTACE RENWICK



AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, JERUSALEM

Included in this group are: H.E. Sir John and Lady Chancellor, Lady May Cambridge, and H.R.H. Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone

The 2nd Gurkhas win in the Indian Infantry Polo Tournament, to which the group at the top relates, was their second as they had won it previously in 1914, and they are the only regiment in the Indian Army which has won the cup. The 1st Batt. 60th Rifles won the cup in 1928, and they have the distinction of being the runners up for three years in succession. The Staintondale Point-to-Point, at which the Joint Master, Mr. Geoffrey Unwin, scored a double with his horse, "Friendship," was a big success. He won the Members' and the Members' and Farmers' H. W. Races. Mr. Eustace Renwick won the Open Chase on Myamber, and Lady Cayley, wife of Sir Kenelm Cayley gave away the cups. The Staintondale, incidentally, claim a charter from King John "to hunt the fox." The Earl of Athlone and H.R.H. Princess Alice were the guests of the High Commissioner for Palestine on their way home from the Cape



THE HON. LADY SALMOND AND HER SON

The Air Chief Marshal's wife was the Hon. Monica Grenfell before her marriage, and is the elder daughter of Lord and Lady Desborough. The Grenfell charm of manner is a feature of Lady Salmond's delightful personality, and her popularity is tremendous. Julian and Rosemary Salmond, who were born in 1926 and 1928 respectively, also make friends easily. Air Chief Marshal Sir John Salmond, K.C.B., C.M.G., C.V.O., D.S.O., joined the King's Own (Royal Lancaster) Regiment in 1901, and after being rapidly promoted Brevet-Major, Brevet-Lieut.-Colonel, and Brevet-Colonel he became Major-General in the R.A.F. in 1918 and was appointed G.O.C. the R.A.F. in the Field. He was C-in-C. in Iraq, and was then appointed C-in-C. of the Air Defence of Great Britain. In 1928 Sir John Salmond visited Australia and New Zealand to advise their Governments as to the development of their air forces. He became Chief of the Air Staff last year

The Wife and Children of the Air Chief Marshal

With Julian and Rosemary: The Hon. Lady Salmond at the Photographer's



MISS ROSEMARY SALMOND



THE UPSTART AND HIS LOVELY VENETIAN LADY

Too much wine, a swollen head, an illicit amour, a dagger in the dark, and the faithless Piero Buonaventuri (Mr. Ivan Brandt) is no more. His constant wife, Bianca Cappello (Miss Margaret Rawlings) becomes the mistress and then the wife of Francesco de' Medici, Grand Duke of Tuscany

"The Venetian."

IN *The Venetian* Mr. Clifford Bax throws all the "I'faiths" and "Beshrew me's" of historical drama to the winds of Wardour Street, and we are rid at once of the stiffening sensation of peering, guide-book in hand, into a cupboard full of old costumes carefully preserved and dated. History

gives Francesco de' Medici, Grand Duke of Tuscany and ruler of Florence in the 1570's, a poor character. Mr. Bax approaches history with a dramatist's licence, a philosopher's stone, and a poet's eye. The Duke is a thoughtful scholar, an uneasy cynic, and a too temperamental husband. His mind revolves introspectively about the futility of life and the fear of death. In Bianca's passionate vitality he finds the very opposite of his wife's austerity. Bianca has run away with and married an upstart young bank clerk. The Capellos clamour for vengeance and the Duke is requested, almost commanded, to pass sentence of death. Bianca's impassioned pleading is a defence of youth run riot. The zest of life burns in her like a flame, and its radiance warms the morbid heart of her judge. The Duke's verdict saves Piero Buonaventuri from the gallows and Bianca from a convent. His brother, the saturnine Cardinal Ferdinando de' Medici, is displeased.



THE PHILOSOPHIC DUKE

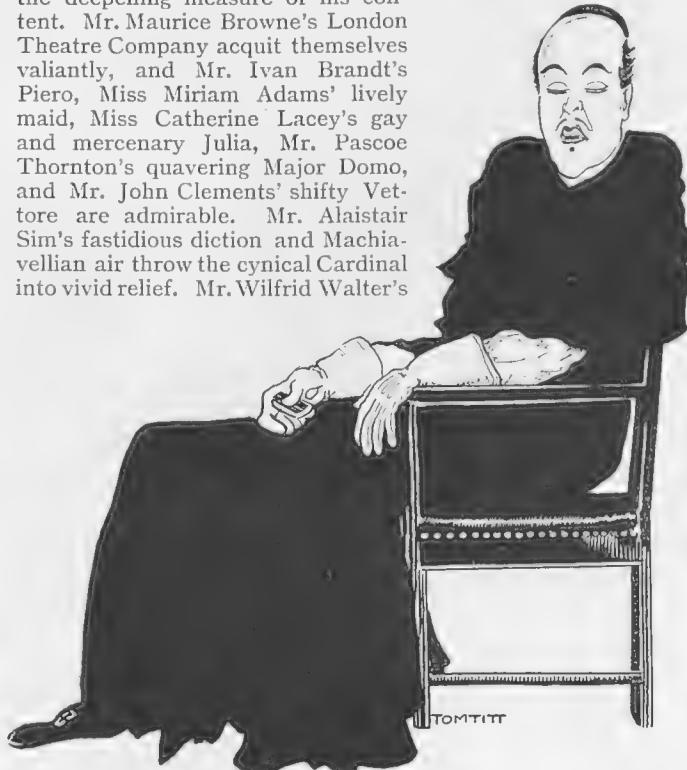
This de' Medici (Mr. Wilfrid Walter) loathes life and fears death till the ambitious but straight-as-a-die Bianca wins his heart

THE PASSING SHOWS

"*The Venetian*" at the Little Theatre, and "*Naughty Cinderella*" at the Comedy

Well-balanced selection encompasses four years of narrative. Piero emerges from his position at Court a drunken bounder. Bianca remains strangely faithful to him, till one night the beauty of moonlight and the spur of ambition urge her into the Duke's arms. Piero is stabbed to death by minions of a noble house resentful of his lady-killing. Bianca becomes the ducal consort, and **TOM TIT** the Duke, to prove his trust in the woman who has never played him false, promises to acknowledge Piero's son as his own. The Cardinal intervenes with a scheme to spirit the child to Paris. His dupe, Bianca's brother, a weak, dishonest spendthrift, reveals the plot, and Bianca, falls back on poison. But fate plays a thoroughly theatrical trick, and the Duke, to allay suspicion, drinks first. Bianca, choosing perhaps wisely for the boy's sake, follows suit.

This scanty recital inadequately conveys the grip and glamour of a story distinguished by a lively vigour of characterization, a delicate balance of light and shade, and language of singular beauty. There is time, even in the limits of narrative compression, for Bianca to unfold the complexities of her nature; for the Duke to give us the quality of his thought and the deepening measure of his content. Mr. Maurice Browne's London Theatre Company acquit themselves valiantly, and Mr. Ivan Brandt's Piero, Miss Miriam Adams' lively maid, Miss Catherine Lacey's gay and mercenary Julia, Mr. Pascoe Thornton's quavering Major Domo, and Mr. John Clements' shifty Vettore are admirable. Mr. Alastair Sim's fastidious diction and Machiavellian air throw the cynical Cardinal into vivid relief. Mr. Wilfrid Walter's



THE CARDINAL WHO DID NOT DRINK—AND LIVED

To wave aside the poisoned cup was a cardinal virtue in the days of sixteenth century Florence. His Eminence, Ferdinando de' Medici (Mr. Alastair Sim) declined the toast and so perished on a night of stars his brother, the Duke, and Bianca

moody Duke is a careful portrait which deepens in sensibility after a somewhat stilted start, due, one thought, to an attempt at excessive flexibility. Miss Margaret Rawlings, beginning with slightly mannered over-emphasis of Bianca's passionate intensity in living and loving, soon had one whole-heartedly under her spell, conscious that here was a performance of singular depth and feeling which touched, in the final scene, the tragic heights. Mr. Peter Bax's unit set and Miss Ellen van Volkenburg's production are happy accessories to a delightful play of quite unusual charm and quality.

* * * *

"Naughty Cinderella."

She wasn't naughty really, only just a hungry, out-of-work little typist looking for a secretary's job and getting, instead, free board and lodging on the Lido in exchange for pretending to do, without doing them, the things that Lido ladies in Palais Royal farces always do do. If that sentence is indecently complicated, so, I retort, are the implications for better or for worse in *Naughty Cinderella*, written by two Frenchmen and anglicized by Mr. Avery Hopwood with a very reasonable regard for the English line of demarcation between the harmless snigger and the quite unpardonable leer.

If you gather by this that *Naughty Cinderella* is in the idiom of Southend-in-Boulogne, *très moutarde*, pray be reassured. Add a variation of the inevitable mistress to the equally inevitable trio of "wife, husband, lover," and the rest is the familiar blend of bedroom doors, lingerie, misunderstandings, and other manifestations of *la vie Parisienne*. In this case the mistress acts in a purely nominal capacity. Her job by night is to occupy the opposite bedroom of an over-civilized Lido suite and no more. By day, for a consideration, she will pretend to the outer world to be in that *statu quo* in which patrons of the Palais Royal expect to find her. So that her employer, being in love with his best friend's wife, may pursue an affair with that lady without arousing the suspicions of her husband. Experience and a sense of anticipation at once forecast the line of country developments will take. The lover falls in love with the lady who calls herself "Chou Chou, the two-bottle baby from Montmartre," the husband follows suit, and the wife is left out in the cold. After a variegated display of shock tactics, sartorial, amorous, and bibulous, in which *parfum d'amour* plentifully scattered, dim gondolas, bi-lingual volatilities, locked



CINDERELLA AT HER NAUGHTIEST

Chou Chou, the soi-disante "two-bottle baby from Montmartre" (Miss Olga Lindo), living up to the terms of her Lido engagement with Gerald (Mr. Arthur Margetson)

doors, a comic valet, an American chorus girl and her Bowery bruiser all lend an effective hand, farce is sated and virtue left in triumphant contemplation of marriage lines.

The burden of this rough and tumble falls on Miss Olga Lindo's capable and enduring shoulders, and a fine job she makes of it, flinching never and letting off one flamboyant firework after another—now tremulously and pathetically sincere, now feigning intoxication, now burgeoning hilariously into song and dance, now sprawling on a sofa with mock-passionate fervour. Mr.

Arthur Margetson, as the embarrassed lover, renders pleasant and competent support; Mr. Bobbie Comber's complacent husband is congenially ample; Miss Irene Russell attacks the American vernacular with decorative gusto; Miss Mary Sheridan registers many a green-eyed protest with determination; Mr. Charles Farrell is a super-tough boxing guy; Mr. Albert Brouett's comic valet has the right Harlequin or Jacques-in-the-box touch for the revels, and Mr. Reginald Gardiner in another silly-ass part is quietly but extremely funny.

"TRINOCULO."



CONTRASTS ON THE LIDO

The American chorus girl (Miss Irene Russell) who might have been the Lido lady but for the bruiser who turned up and threatened to knock the stuffing out of Bunny (Mr. Reginald Gardiner), who thought of the plan



OH, MARRIED LIFE!

The deceiving wife (Miss Mary Sheridan) who hoped her husband (Mr. Bobbie Comber) would be put off the scent by the professional; but of course innocent female, who was hired to accompany her lover to the Lido

IN SUNNY MADEIRA



"A SISTER TO ASSIST 'ER": MISS PAMELA AND MISS ZARA DEUCHAR



MISS HERMIONE BLANDY AND MADAME BIESERT



MRS. TRISTRAM EDWARDS AND MISS RHODA MURRAY AT THE BATHING PLACE



MRS. C. J. C. LITTLE AND MISS LITTLE



MISS ANGELA GRAYSON



MRS. CALDANA AND HER SON HENRY

All these snapshots were taken in Funchal, that salubrious spot in Madeira, which, already connected in peoples' minds with a good glass of wine after lunch and a particular breed of cake, is now coming into prominence with a Derby Sweep run by the British Country Club in Funchal, and 10 per cent. of which is to be devoted to charity, nine of it to the British hospitals, and one to charitable institutions in Madeira. It is anticipated that the winning ticket will be worth £50,000, the second £20,000, the third £10,000, and the fourth £5,000. Reid's Hotel bathing place is rather like a miniature Lido, and the water—so the dippers aver—is always delightfully warm. Mrs. C. J. C. Little is the wife of Rear-Admiral Charles Little, commanding the Second Battle Squadron the Atlantic Fleet, and is a daughter of Colonel Sir Charles Leslie, Bart. Miss Blandy is a daughter of one of Funchal's principal bankers, and Miss Angela Grayson is a daughter of Sir Henry Grayson, who was a Royal Marine, and has now a good many shipping interests

Photographs by Chas. E. Brown

SOCIETY'S YOUNG BRIGADE

AT THE FERNIE POINT-TO-POINT AT FRISBY *Bate*

Miss Marie and Miss Pamela Gerrard, the twin daughters of Major and Mrs. Gerrard, collared for the voracious camera by Lord Milton. Brigadier-General Jack, who goes so well, won the Fernie Hunt Cup on his own Cairnsmore



TO BE MARRIED IN MAY: LORD MALCOLM DOUGLAS-HAMILTON AND MISS PAMELA BOWES-LYON

AT THE SINNINGTON POINT-TO-POINT: SIR RICHARD SYKES AND MRS. GORDON FOSTER

At Little Barugh, one of the best bits (with Rookbarugh) of the Sinnington country. Mrs. Gordon Foster is the wife of the senior Master of the Sinnington, and Sir Richard Sykes comes on next season as Joint with Captain Tom Wickham-Boynton of the Middleton East

Lord Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton, who is the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton's third son, and Miss Pamela Bowes-Lyon are to be married at Beaulieu Abbey next month. Miss Pamela Bowes-Lyon is a daughter of the Hon. Malcolm and Mrs. Bowes-Lyon, and a cousin of H.R.H. the Duchess of York. The Hon. Malcolm Bowes-Lyon is the youngest brother of the Earl of Strathmore. Both Lord Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton's sisters are married, the elder being Lady Jean Mackintosh, and the younger Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay, whose wedding took place only last year. Lord Malcolm is in the Air Force, as also is his eldest brother, the Marquess of Clydesdale



D'Orsay, Paris

MADAME IDA RUBINSTEIN

"THE MOST BEAUTIFUL HARMONY OF THE VISIBLE SOUL"

Gabriele d'Annunzio, the Italian poet, has described the lady as the "most beautiful harmony of the visible soul." He is coming to England to see Ida Rubinstein play "Le Martyr de Saint Sebastian," which he wrote specially for her. Ida Rubinstein will bring with her one hundred dramatic artists and ballet dancers, and will appear at Covent Garden immediately after the Grand Opera season. It is her first appearance in London

PRISCILLA IN PARIS

TRÈS CHER.—During the last fortnight the world of letters in France and England has become the poorer for the loss of two great writers. I cannot believe that never again shall we be able to look forward to a new novel from Arnold Bennett or a play by Fernand Nozière. They were still such relatively young men; there should have been years of production still ahead for them . . . and therefore us. A new play or a new book from such writers was always an event and would have gone on being an event. Sometimes they disappointed us a little, but never—that I can remember—twice running. If "Accident," "The Strange Vanguard," "Lord Raingo" were not all that we had hoped for on opening the stiff new covers, shall we ever, on the other hand, forget such novels as "Clayhanger," "The Card," "The Old Wives' Tale" (no one, even amongst our French writers, has ever described so perfectly the hectic yet despairing autumn of 1870 in Paris), and his latest, so much discussed but, to me, so romantic history of the "Imperial Hotel"?

If Nozière's dramatic adaptation of *David Goldder* was not a success last season his translation of Frank Vosper's play, *La Folle du Logis* (banned in London), has been playing to crowded houses at the *Œuvre* Theatre all this winter, and still continues. When his version of Barrie's *The Old Lady Shows Her Medals* is billed at the *Comédie Française* it is impossible to find a seat unless one has booked in advance. Only a few weeks ago I wrote to you of the party given to celebrate the 150th performance of *Cette Vieille Canaille*, his most recent success at the *Théâtre Michel*. He has a list of some seventy (or more) plays to his credit, 60 per cent of which, at least, were big successes. His death came to us as such an unexpected blow. He left Paris with his wife and young son for a short holiday at Pau; three days later came the news of his sudden illness, an urgent operation, and then twenty-four hours afterwards his death. Even now we can hardly believe it, and when, at a *répétition générale* (for he was dramatic critic to "l'Avenir"), we see his seats occupied by others it brings an urgent stab of pain that seems almost unbearable. We are told that "Paris forgets quickly" . . . but I do not think we shall ever forget Nozière.

Mr. Grant Richards has just sent me his latest novel, "Vain Pursuit," for which I return him many thanks since I am not able to leave town this Easter, and "Vain Pursuit" takes me travelling o'er the fair highways of my Belle France. Mr. Richards knows his Paris and his Riviera *comme sa poche*, and is one of the few English writers (with Arnold Bennett) who never trips up over the name of a street, and who can talk of "play" at the tables (Monte Carlo understood) without covering himself with ridicule. It is not a sin not to know the ins and outs of roulette gambling, but I always slightly resent the mistakenly know-all attitude that the *Le Queux-Oppenheim-Wallace coterie* adopt when writing of the *jeux*. When Edgar Wallace takes us to Paris and alludes to the boulevard des Italiens as that of les Italiennes I, of course, take it as a compliment to the fair sex; but when Mary Borden, throughout "A Woman with White Eyes" (Tauchnitz edition), writes of the rue des Saints Pères as the rue de St. Pères, it is merely unexpectedly (on her part) bad grammar . . . but if, however, she likes to call me a bumptious caviller I will take it, meekly, on the point of the jaw for the sake of the many happy reading hours she has given me!

The Folies Bergère produced its annual spectacular revue just in time for the Easter holidays this year. The title, *L'Usine à Folies*, has evidently been suggested to the author of the umpteen tableaux that form a kaleidoscopic whole by M. Maurice Verne's famous novel, "Les Usines du Plaisir," that has been a best-seller in Paris for the past eighteen months and that is one of the most graphic studies I have ever read of the world of bill-toppers. Maurice Verne knows his variety and music-hall stages by their *petites et grandes entrées*, and knowing my fondness for that *milieu* you can imagine that he is a favourite author of mine. I am a little disappointed with the Folies' show this time. Not a single really outstanding number or scenic effect except, perhaps, a huge Medusa head of which the writhing serpent locks are formed by a *bataillon* of girls in snake skin tights. There is also a remarkable quartette of acrobatic dancers and two other very clever Americans, Matt Duffin and Janice Draper, the latter being a plump, golden-haired "goil," apparently made of rubber. In order to keep up its reputation for daring the Folies take their audience a personally conducted tour round the pleasure (?) houses of the world, starting and ending with a haunt of ill-fame in Toulon, and, *en route*, visiting the Yoshiwara of Tokio and the Bocca quarter of Buenos Aires. For them-as-like such things *on ne fait pas mieux!* Take your choice, dearie, and pay as you go out.—Love, PRISCILLA.



Sasha, Suffolk Street

THE THREE MRS. PRINSEP

MRS. ANTHONY PRINSEP (MISS MARGARET BANNERMAN), MRS. TOBY PRINSEP (Mlle. PAULETTE DEL BAYE), AND MRS. NICK PRINSEP (MISS ANITA ELSON)

It is somewhat of an achievement on the part of any photographer to collect three sisters-in-law simultaneously as sitters—but here it has been done. Mr. Anthony, Mr. Toby, and Mr. Nick Prinsep are all sons of the famous artist, the late Mr. Val Prinsep, R.A., and all three married charming ladies who have earned fame in various departments of the stage. Mr. Anthony Prinsep is of course a well-known theatrical manager, and his beautiful wife particularly famous on the comedy stage. Mlle. Paulette del Baye is a talented French actress, and Miss Anita Elson hardly needs any introduction to anyone who has ever heard of the heroines of musical comedy

EASTER POINT-TO-POINTS



THE ERIDGE: MRS. GOSLING, MRS. CHARLES MILLS, AND COLONEL GLYN



THE WYLYE VALLEY: MR. ISAAC BELL, M.F.H., LEADING IN HIS DAUGHTER ON RATTLES



THE ERIDGE: LADY FIONA PRATT AND SIR GERARD FULLER



THE YORK AND AINSTY: CAPTAIN EDWARD LANE-FOX AND LORD MOUNTGARRET, M.F.H.

Point-to-pointing was the leading Easter activity in hunting countries, a very large number of meetings taking place either on the Saturday or the Monday. The Eridge bona fide hunt races were held at Eridge, and attracted notable social support. Mrs. Charles Mills is one of Leicestershire's leading ladies, and Lady Fiona Pratt is a local light, being the daughter of Lord Camden. Sir Gerard Fuller's place is in the Avon Vale country. Miss Diana Bell, the only daughter of the popular Master of the South and West Wilts, added another to her long string of racing successes by winning the Wylye Valley Adjacent Hunts ladies' race, for which there were seven starters. The York and Ainsty point-to-point took place near Easingwold. Lord Mountgarret is Master of the North York and Ainsty, the country having been divided in 1929. Captain Lane-Fox is a brother of Colonel George Lane-Fox, for many years Master of the Bramham Moor, and Miss Borwick is a daughter of Colonel M. Borwick, who has just resigned the Mastership of the Middleton



THE YORK AND AINSTY: MISS CECILIE BORWICK, THE DUKE OF NORFOLK (right), AND A FRIEND



POINT-TO-POINT "AS THE CROW FLIES!"

By Gilbert Holiday

An actual incident at a Point-to-Point at which one of the competitors' wives followed the contest in an aeroplane and dropped down in the next field to where the finish was almost simultaneously with the moment that the winner passed the post. Adventurous fliers are now have followed hounds and emulated what Mr. Jorrocks said he would like to be "a h'eagle 'overing over them"



THE NIGHT

By Frank H. Mason

Two of Rudyard Kipling's masterpieces will be recalled to his admirers by this arresting picture. It will be remembered how in "With the Night Mail" the "Bolivar" is brought up to date. The "Bolivar," type for all time of the ocean tramp, still battles with the heavy seas, but it is



IGHT MAIL

Frank H. Mason, R.I.

In the "Night Mail" Mr. Kipling many years ago imagined just such a flight as is seen above in progress. One also remembers the famous "Ballad of the Night Mail" which goes by like a grand hotel." It is not so very long since we published a picture of that identical incident by Mr. Frank Mason. Now he shows us what it is like to be overhead that her weary men now see—or very soon will see—the mocking lights of the well-found liner pass them by.



"THE GUARDSMAN WHO DROPPED IT!"



"THE MAN WHO BID HALF-A-GUINEA AT TATTERSALL'S"

Specially printed and mounted copies, in colour, of these two clever pictures by the famous artist, H. M. Bateman, can be obtained on application to Dept. B, "The Tatler," Inveresk House, Strand, W.C. Size of work 14 in. by 10 in. on plate-sunk mount 25 in. by 20 in. Copies 10s. 6d. each. Proofs signed by artist, 20s. each. Further pictures by the same artist can also be obtained. Particulars and small reproductions of the entire series will be sent post free on application

IN THE MOVIE ARC LIGHTS



DOROTHY MACKAILL IN "PARTY HUSBAND"



HELEN JOHNSON IN "THE VICE SQUAD"



MARIAN MARSH IN "FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN"

Dorothy Mackaill, who is in the picture at the top, is an English girl who, like so many more from this country, has shown America that she knows as much and perhaps a bit more than the next denizen of "Gard's Own Country." She was born in Hull in 1903, and after a career as a reciter, a dancer, a chorus girl, in London and Paris, became a Ziegfeld Folly, and ultimately a fixed film star. Incidentally she won a beauty contest for the "most typical American girl." A descendant of Homer must have been the judge. Helen Johnson is in a film with the exciting title "The Vice Squad," in which a Hungarian actor, Paul Lukas, plays the lead. Marian Marsh, the pretty Hollywood lady in the feathery shorts, is a principal performer in the vivid film, "Fifty Million Frenchmen."

THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE AT HAWTHORN HILL



LORD AND LADY GLANUSK AND MR. ELLIS



LORD AND LADY DUNWICH



LORD AND LADY STRATHEDEN

COL. THE HON. EDWARD
AND MRS. WYNDHAMMISS CRICHTON, LADY LETTICE COTTERELL,
AND MISS MARGERY BRASSEYMRS. GRINDLING AND LORD BRECKNOCK
MAKING FOR THE MEMBERS' STAND

The sun shone brilliantly on the Household Brigade two-day meeting at Hawthorn Hill, and as usual there was a splendid attendance. On the opening day favourites were successful in five out of the seven events, Brigadier-General Paynter leading off by winning the Scots Guards' Challenge Cup on Tell Tale II. He won this race last year on Pharaoh's Treasure. Lady Dunwich's brother-in-law, Mr. W. R. West, rode the winner of the Grenadier Guards' Challenge Cup, Mr. Goschen's Pattern II, and Lord Stratheden rode his horse, Lutton, in the Coldstream Plate. Lady Lettice Cotterell's husband, Mr. R. C. Cotterell, who had entered two horses in the R.H.G. Regimental Challenge Cup but did not run them, had the mount on Mr. Dunn's Burma II. This was favourite, but ran unplaced. The Life Guards' race, for which there were only two starters, provided the best finish, Major Speed's Blank Cartridge beating Mr. T. A. Fairhurst's Vincible by half a length. Colonel the Hon. Edward Wyndham, who used to command the 1st Life Guards, is Lord Leconfield's brother. Lord Brecknock was formerly in the Scots Guards, and Lord Glanusk commanded a battalion of the Grenadiers in France in 1918.

THE BLACKMORE VALE POINT-TO-POINT



MISS ST. MAUR, MISS COOKSON, AND MRS. McCREERY LOOK ON



COLONEL HARDY AND MRS. TURNBULL



MISS G. TURNBULL, MISS WOODROFFE, AND MR. P. W. PAGET MEET THE CAMERA



LADY DIGBY AND HER CHILDREN



IN THE MEMBERS' RACE: MAJOR PHIPPS-HORNBY

The Blackmore Vale Hunt Races were held near Sherborne just before Easter on a fine but very cold day. Major Phipps-Hornby, a positive superman over a point-to-point course, has had a tremendously successful season. On this occasion, riding his wife's horses, he won two events, the Members' Race on Amy Johnson and the Adjacent Hunts' Maiden Race on Dark Hour. The Adjacent Hunts' Ladies' Race was as usual a great draw. It went to Miss Diana Bell on Rattles, this being her third success between the flags this season. Miss Cookson, who also rode, had the bad luck to lose one of her best horses in a point-to-point not long ago. Miss Woodroffe is the engaging daughter of Brigadier-General C. R. Woodroffe, and a great personality at Bembridge. Lady Digby is Lady Rosebery's sister. Her husband was Joint-Master of the Cattistock with the Rev. "Jack" Milne for three seasons and hunted hounds three days a fortnight

BUBBLE & SQUEAK

OWING to the break-down of his car he was forced to spend the evening in a very small village, and was looking around for some way of killing time.

"Any picture show here?" he asked a native, "or billiards hall, or library?"

He was informed that there was nothing of that sort in the village.

"Well, how do you spend your evenings when you want some amusement?" asked the visitor in amazement.

"Well," was the reply, "we goes down to the stores. They've just got a new bacon-slicer—it's wonderful!"

* * *

TWO girls were exchanging confidences. "Yes," observed one, "it was a case of love at first sight."

Her friend smiled. "That's the first I've heard of it," she said. "First sight of what?"

The other smiled even more broadly; "his bank book," she replied.

* * *

Caller: "I would like to see the Judge, please."

Secretary: "I'm sorry, sir, but he is at dinner."

Caller: "But, my man, my errand is important."

Secretary: "It can't be helped, sir. His Honour is at steak."

* * *

A man who was a very keen golfer contracted a severe chill, and his wife sent for the doctor.

"Well," said the medico upon his arrival, "and how are you feeling?"

"Oh, very rotten," replied the patient, fretfully, "my breath keeps coming in short pants."

"Quite," said the doctor, "and I suppose you expect it to come in plus-fours."



Chas. E. Brown
MR. STANLEY LUPINO IN
MADEIRA

A snapshot of the famous comedian in the gardens of Reid's Hotel, Funchal, Madeira, for a rest cure, is now about as popular as any place in the civilized world



E. O. Hoppé
MISS DIANA BEAUMONT

The clever young daughter of Mr. Comyns Beaumont, the editor of our stable companion, "The Bystander." Miss Beaumont is rated one of the most promising of the younger brigade of our actresses, and she has been doing some film work in England recently



E. O. Hoppé
MISS JEAN FORBES-ROBERTSON

The second daughter of Sir Johnston and Lady Forbes-Robertson, who has a large measure of the family acting talent and is one of the best Peter Pans we have ever had. Miss Forbes-Robertson had a personal success in the recent play at the Duchess Theatre, "An Object of Virtue," an adaptation from the French play, "Le Gendre de Monsieur Poirier."

An examiner was putting a young medical student through his paces.

"Supposing," he began, "there was a gunpowder explosion and a man was blown into the air. You, as the nearest doctor, being called in, what would you do?"

"Wait for him to come down," was the prompt answer.

The examiner was angry, and barked: "If I raised my foot and gave you a kick, what muscles would be brought into play?"

With a steely light in his eyes the young man retorted: "The flexible and extensor muscles of my right arm, sir."

* * *

WHAT'S the matter, little man?" asked a sympathetic stranger of a small boy whom he saw crying in the street. "Please, sir, my dog's dead," sobbed the boy.

"Oh, is that all? Well, you mustn't make such a trouble of it. My grandmother died last week, and I'm not crying."

"No," sobbed the boy with a fresh burst of tears, "but you didn't bring her up from a pup!"

* * *

A negro woman who had lost her husband was attending his funeral. Rastus had rarely followed the narrow path, but the parson conducting the service could do nothing but enumerate the deceased's virtues, the majority of which the negro woman had never heard of. She listened for some time, but at last could not stand it any longer and burst out:

"Passon, I think yo're burying the wrong man."

* * *

An insurance agent had outstayed his welcome in a merchant's office, and took no notice of the many broad hints that he was making himself a nuisance. At last his victim got him by the scruff of the neck and pitched him downstairs. The man got up, retrieved his hat, and turning to the man at the top of the stairs he said calmly, "Joking apart, what about that insurance policy?"



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CUP-TIE FEVER IN HYDE PARK

The wing forwards are Lord Balgonie and his twin brother, the Hon. George Melville, and the centre the Hon. Peregrine Fairfax, the younger son of Lord and Lady Fairfax. The other two forwards are the sons of Lord and Lady Leven and Melville

OME people who write for the press, and have unkind natures, have been girding at the recent Mouse Show at St. Albans, and suggesting that the mouse collectors are people whom we ought to strike off the list of our acquaintances. For the life of me I cannot see why this attitude has been adopted, and I think it is rather unfair, and even snobbish. Lots of people whom one could name, but will not, collect far worse things than mice. At one time performing fleas used to be very popular, at country fairs especially. The flea referred to is the one who performs under proper control, and not the *franc-tireur* variety which is more familiar — perhaps. These performing fleas dragged little coaches, did gun drill and all the tricks you see elephants perform in circuses. I always wondered why the trainers of these interesting animals never had jumping competitions for them, or something of the same sort as we see at the Wembley greyhound races. Once, I remember, the owner of the flea troupe suddenly discovered that his star performer was missing. He was distracted, and he carried on (in a foreign tongue) in a most distressing manner. Suddenly he fixed his eyes upon a buxom, raven-haired wench, in what used to be called a pneumonia blouse. He whispered in her ear. She blushed, and then with an arch smile retired into the tent where they kept the Fat Lady, the Human Giraffe, and Jo Jo, the dog-faced boy. In a very short time the greasy-haired lady, who, as I remember quite well, carried an aroma of decayed apples with her, returned and, tripping up to the Signor Itchilini (owner of the fleas), presented him with something which she held—delicately—between her finger and thumb. The Signor wept tears of joy and, I thought, was going to kiss her, till, after taking a hasty look at the little object, he let a piercing howl out of himself and turned to and wept again with a full flood of Neapolitan grief. At first we could not understand—then between his billowy sobs we heard, "Sapristi! It is notta my leedle 'Enry bot anozzaire!" He might, I think, have kept that to himself, especially after the up and down the apple-smell lady had had to catch him.

* * *

Whilst I feel sure that all of us are for the higher education of the world at large, and would like to see everyone's brain developed to the high degree of, say, that of a Senior Wrangler, or a First in Mods, or a Mr. Shaw, it is fairly evident, I think, that, so far, we are a goodish bit away from such a golden shore; and this, no doubt, has been brought home to many who employ divers persons to transmute the spoken or written word to type script or even type. "Printer's Pie," that smart magazine whose demise everyone must regret, had its title based upon the things



THE HON. RONALD AND LADY JEAN MELVILLE

Two more Soccer enthusiasts snapped at the same time as the ones above. They also are Lord and Lady Leven and Melville's children, the Hon. Ronald being rising five—as may be said

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

that printers can do in the way of transforming *Les Cloches de Corneville* into "The Blokes of Corner Ale," or "The Surcease of Sorrow" into "Smearcase To-morrow"; but then, composers of our writings are not the only, or, indeed the worst offenders. When education takes that upward bound, which we are told is so imperative, let us hope that the matter of General Knowledge will be given most particular attention, and that the student of to-morrow will be encouraged to have some sort of idea—even if a hazy one—of prominent characters in history and fiction. For instance, J. Caesar, O. Cromwell, Crippen, Gandhi, Cesar Borgia, the elder and the younger cadets of the house of Hope, Mr. Snowden, Barabbas, Jorrocks, Al Capone, Moriarty, Ananias and his walk-out Sapphira, Jezebel and Jew Süss, Mr. Gregory (of powder fame), his pal Mr. Cockle, and that a mention of a person called The Oracle of Delphi should not induce a connecting link of thought with anything Sir Edwin Lutyens has been doing at the present capital of India. A little "p," of course, is not much, but it is very trying to have to strike it out when you happen to be in a hurry to get your MSS. into shape. It would be unfair perhaps to expect those for whose education we have to pay, to be quick in the up-take where fox-hounds are concerned, but a sentence, "One of the tap-roots of the English fox-hound is Yarborough Rallywood," did come back to me quite recently like this: "One of the tape routes of the English fox is Scarborough Ralph Wood." I could almost easier have forgiven her for spelling Capone without an "e."

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THE HYDE PARK SPRING STAKES: MISS MARY MULHOLLAND AND MISS SARAH BRAND

A desperate finish between the daughter of the Hon. John and Mrs. Mulholland and that of the Hon. Thomas and Mrs. Brand. The verdict can only have been "by a wisp of fair hair!"

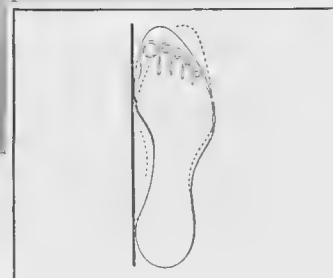
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Cantilever Shoes

PETROL VAPOUR :

By

W. G. ASTON.

Mileage Impressions.

NOT long ago I was complaining, perhaps more bitterly than was entirely justified, that nowadays I seemed to get so few chances of that long-distance motoring with which I had always professed myself enamoured. So Mrs. P. V., taking me rather more literally at my word than I thought was quite nice, presented me with a week-end programme that involved a trip to the north of England on the Saturday and another to the far-distant South Coast on the Sabbath. A jolly little blow that came out at not much less than 700 miles. And I am bound to confess that I enjoyed almost every furlong of it—for the 20 Armstrong put up a handsome average in the acme of comfort—except where the Cheshire roads were wet and slippery, and except where the Kentish roads were so infernally ugly. In the old days we used to dream of the time to come when we should have special motor highways of the type that leads, say, from Maidstone to Folkstone. The dream has turned out to be little short of a nightmare, for really I would just as soon run the car upon a railway track as upon this sort of turnpike. I readily grant that it represents the most admirably quick way of "getting there," for the thing is wide, elegantly engineered, and of unexceptionable surface, but when you have said that you have said all, for in other respects it is about the dullest thing imaginable. Nay, it is more than dull; it is actively depressing. The flanks of this magnificent "artery" are adorned with placards in every hue that paint and enamel can suggest. The filling stations almost touch one another, but when they do not everything in between has something to sell you, be it tea or beer or tobacco or antiques or furnished apartments, or eggs or chickens or dogs. And then, thanks to a succession of idiotic governments, all the way-side residences are either for sale or to let. The whole makes a most dismal outlook which even the violent colours of the sign-boards cannot redeem. Compared to this stretch the Holyhead Road, and similar highways more northerly, are like country lanes, for they are little more ugly than they were years ago and, as far as traffic is concerned (admitted that it was a bitterly cold day) they were almost utterly deserted. This fact came as quite a shock, for the "Daily Mail" had given us the advice to mind our step—since so many new cars would come upon the road that very day. But they did not, seemingly, put in an appearance, so I took many opportunities to indulge in a really glorious blind which, I verily believe, the A.S. enjoyed just as much as we did.

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday

Forms Again!

The period being quarter-day, or thereabouts, I was not entirely taken by surprise, when in the environs of Birmingham (where they have light signals working as gaily as a Crystal Palace firework display), an official hand called upon me to stop. For once in a way I had a clear conscience, and it was thus quite a pleasure to obey the command. No! I had neither my driving licence nor my insurance certificate upon my person. I suggested that these were valuable documents and had better be kept at home. Also, as a matter of curiosity, I asked how many drivers *did* carry them about with them, and the answer (as I had supposed) was, "Very few indeed." So Mrs. P. V. and I smoked our cigarettes and admired the Stratford Road trams, whilst three very handsome and jolly officers booked the necessary particulars, and they got all my names as wrong as

ever they could, and my place of abode they had never heard of, but they kept very cheerful over the corrections in spite of the bitterly cold wind (Lord! how cold it can be in Brummagem), and we left those precincts feeling that we had been treated most extraordinarily well, and that if we had only known it would take so long, we might have brewed a cup of tea. From this encounter I collected two morsels of paper. One is gummed upon the wind-screen and is now (I regret to observe) somewhat the worse for the attentions of the wiper. The other, within five days, I must take to the local police station along with my licence and certificate; and naturally I have no objection to that procedure; but at the foot of the slip is that chain of letters and numerals with which Government stationery is usually decorated.

It tells me that one quarter of a million pads of these slips have been ordered, and I judge there would be fifty slips in a pad. Well, what are there? two million cars in Great Britain? You can work it out for yourselves, but it looks to me as though we should have to put up with being stopped pretty often.

Fine Performer.

One of the cars which has always held a very high place in my estimation, and it seems to get higher and higher every year, is the 30-h.p. Sunbeam. It is associated in my mind with many long, delightful and swift runs. The latest model, which I have just been trying, to my great content, is a revelation of the fact that very advanced power and very marked quietness, right through the speed scale, are not incompatible, for definitely there has been a big improvement in both these respects. As

(Continued on p. xxii)

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a tyre as good
as this

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... gazing at the fat old woman lying back in the chair

AND AFTER THAT — ?

By LADY K. CURZON-HERRICK

TO their many friends the Cornfords were known as the "Ideal Couple."

It was my sister Agnes who first named them that, after a visit to Olympia; she said that the only people of her acquaintance who ought to live in an ideal home were Bill and Sarah.

Everybody laughed at the time, but the nickname stuck, and truly it was well deserved, for never were two people so utterly devoted to each other; they seemed to have every interest and every thought in common, and it was as difficult to imagine them apart as to conceive of separating a pair of scissors.

This devotion to each other did not result in making them dull, however, and any assembly they frequented was the gayer and more interesting for their presence. I had first known Bill Cornford in the last year of the War. We were in hospital together for a longish time, both having been pretty badly smashed up, though he was the more damaged of the two; and I was best man at his wedding in '19. I saw a great deal of them during the years that followed; Bill's sense of humour, Sarah's intense vitality, and the prevailing atmosphere of harmony made their house seem the pleasantest place in the world. I was obliged to go to India on business in '27. My two years' exile made no difference to our friendship; it was never a case of "out of sight out of mind" with the Cornfords, and their letters were always the ones I opened first.

Both wrote easily and conversationally, Sarah at greater length and more detail than Bill; and, when I came home, I met them again with the feeling that there had been no break in the continuity of our friendly and affectionate relations.

One thing did shock me, however, and that was the appearance of Bill. He had always been rather a crock ever since the War, but there was a new haggardness in his face and a peculiar shrunken look about his whole person for which I had not been prepared, though Sarah in her letters had often spoken of his bad health and her anxiety as to the best treatment for him. I suppose it was because I had not seen him for some time that it struck me so forcibly, for I discovered that most of his friends found him no more than usual; and I came to the conclusion that the change must have been very gradual, as even Sarah, though she looked after him assiduously, did not seem to realize its full extent.

I was sitting at home one evening when Bill came up to my flat. I was a little surprised at this, for we had parted not long before at the Summerton's, and Sarah had taken him home early as she thought he seemed tired. After a little casual conversation Bill lit his pipe and they stayed silent for a time. I followed his example. It was one of the qualities of the Cornfords' that they never made you feel that you were obliged to talk; both possessed the gift of companionable silence.

Bill had, however, come on this particular evening with a definite purpose; suddenly he began to speak. As long as I live I shall never forget a syllable of what he said.

The substance of his communication was that his patched-up heart was giving out; it might last for a few years yet, but it was far more likely to stop at any moment. His time was up.

He told me this unemotionally, as he might have discussed the case of a stranger, but I could see how his fingers clutched at the arm of his chair, and I realized the effort it cost him to keep his voice steady.

I was sick with pity and grief for him to an extent that made every breath I drew a pain.

I tried to talk of medical mistakes, urged him to get other opinions. He said he had had many, the best; they all agreed.

Then he unveiled to me the very heart of his misery. Sarah . . . She had no suspicion; he had not dared tell her, and his terror was that when he died she would never live on in a world which did not contain him.

Like myself, neither he nor his wife believed in any further existence after death, and he could not bear the thought of Sarah's wonderful vitality and vivid interest in things coming to an end prematurely. He hated the idea of her extinction as one might hate the idea of the quenching of a star.

He had schooled himself to face his own lot, bitterly as he resented it; he said what he felt most was the parting from her, and admitted that, had the position been reversed, he would have found it almost impossible to consent to survive her. I never felt more unable to help or advise. I had the same conviction as he, that Sarah would find life unendurable without him, and could only do my feeble best to assure him that, with my sister's help, I would try by every means in my power to make a will to live in her should the medical verdict prove correct.

(Continued on p. 122)



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And After That —?—*cont. from p. 120*

Two months later Bill died.

They found him sitting at his writing table, his pen fallen from his hand, a peaceful expression on his face.

The shock prostrated Sarah, she collapsed, was put to bed by the doctor, and remained there in a stunned condition until after the funeral.

When her dazed mind began to function again and full realization crept into her, her stunned nerves still refused to allow her to move. She lay, staring in front of her, her eyes large and black in a deathly white face. She had refused to see anybody but my sister, and would not look at the heaps and loads of letters and telegrams that arrived by every post. Agnes stayed in the house in mortal fear of what was going to happen the moment she was strong enough to get up.

The day after the funeral, as I was sitting in the library with my sister discussing ways and means of bringing her back to normality the telephone rang. I went to it.

A Mrs. Mining was urgently begging to speak to Sarah. I gave the receiver to Agnes, asking, "Who is Mrs. Mining?" "I never heard of her," said my sister. She began by assuring the unknown caller that Sarah was not in a condition to see anybody—she inquired her business. There was silence in the room, and I imagined that the speaker at the other end of the wire was voluble.

Suddenly I heard Agnes give a little cry, she listened intently for a moment or two, then turned to me with the receiver still in her hand, she was agitated, "Dick, it's the strangest thing," she said, and turned again to the telephone. "I'll find out. Yes, I'll ring up, I promise"; she rung off.

I questioned; she told me. Mrs. Mining was apparently a professional medium. There had been a séance at her home last night, and a message had come from a spirit lately "passed over." The spirit had given his name as Cornford, and had implored those present to get his wife to come to Mrs. Mining's and communicate with him through her means. He had explicitly given the address where his wife was to be found, and had insisted that Mrs. Mining should get into touch with her at once. He had persisted until the promise was given. Mrs. Mining averred that she herself had no knowledge of the Cornfords, and had been extremely reluctant to ring up, but had not dared to disregard the urgency of the petition. She added that Cornford had expressly commanded her to use the telephone, as his wife was reading no letters, and gave a final message. "Tell Cornflower to come and talk to Haytop." We stared at each other. Bill had sometimes called Sarah, Cornflower; she had teasingly called him Haytop in allusion to the colour of his hair.

"I must tell her," said Agnes, trembling. "You know best," I answered. She went on, "I know you don't believe in these things; neither do I, much, but this is too extraordinary."

She did tell Sarah, and the effect was to rouse Bill's widow to contemptuous anger. "It's all a ramp," she said. "It must be. All that sort of thing's a crazy lie. The woman has had us spied on somehow. I expect she makes a habit of exploiting people who have lost relations. It's ghoulish."

Next day the persistent Mrs. Mining rang up again; there were more messages from Bill. "Tell Mrs. Bun to come and not ditherate." It was another of Bill's names for Sarah, and one of his pet reproaches to her.

Agnes was awe-struck. She forced herself to tell Sarah. Sarah was silent for a moment. Then she spoke. "This has got to stop. I don't know how this disgusting woman has ferreted out these things, but I can't have Bill's name used for all that, there's nothing he would have loathed more."

Agnes proposed that I should go and see the woman, but Sarah negated that. "She might refuse to talk to Dick," she said, and in the end I was commissioned to arrange a séance as soon as Sarah should be well enough to go out.

Sarah was downstairs next day, and I saw her for the first time since Bill's death. She was a pitiful sight. It was not only that she was pale and drawn. The whole radiance of her had gone; it was as though a Robot had been substituted for the living Sarah.

She was calm in her grief. Agnes told me that she had never once broken down and cried. Once out of her room she took up the direction of household affairs and saw the lawyer, read and tore up letters, followed a routine, but there was a difference. She was like a person setting her house in order with a deadly methodicalness—making all straight before a departure. "I'm afraid, Dick," said my sister.

When the afternoon of the séance came we three went together to a dingy little house in Maida Vale. We were shown into a very Victorian sitting-room. Ornaments under glass cases, anti-macassars, Landseer reproductions, nothing was missing. Mrs. Mining herself was a fat, grey-haired woman of about fifty, dressed like an old-fashioned housekeeper. She wore a large cameo brooch on her chest, had a Cockney accent, and was rather shifty-eyed.

The "sitting" took place then and there. It was as grimly commonplace as an afternoon call. We sat round on horse-hair chairs, not holding hands, and waited, while Mrs. Mining settled herself and went to sleep. She had not forbidden us to talk, but none of us said much. I had thought that Sarah might refuse to allow any "spook stuff," but she had

told us that she meant to give Mrs. Mining all possible rope before hanging her.

Presently the medium began to groan, and then she spoke in the voice of a child.

The high, squeaky tones informed us that little Fanny, or little Polly, I forget which, was there, and pleased to see her dear new friends; she babbled some fatuity or other about the beautiful place she lived in among all her kind companions. There was a movement of impatience from Sarah, and then the squeak announced that a big New Friend was there and had come to talk to the pretty lady called Sarah, and she proceeded to give a minute and accurate description of Bill, not omitting to mention his scars severally. Agnes gasped at this, but Sarah's face never changed from its contemptuous expression.

The pattering voice went on. Big Friend, it explained, could not talk himself, so little Fanny was going to talk for him.

I don't know how long she held forth, and there is no need to recapitulate all the things she said, but prattling and lisping, hesitating at times, she poured out a flood of conversation.

First came reminiscences. "Do you remember?" Incidents and names, there seemed no end to them. I saw Sarah's hand go up to her throat.

Agnes and I were addressed. Agnes, in a tear-choked voice, asked a question, it was answered. I spoke; with

(Continued on p. xxviii)



WITH THE V.W.H. (LORD BATHURST'S)

A snapshot at one of their end-of-the-season fixtures at Foss Cross, Gloucestershire. In this group are: Miss Patterson, Miss Hope, Miss Jean Patterson, and Colonel Winwood

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brightest women have a dull finish
nowadays? That's a new one on me!

Says SIEGFRIED★innocent!
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FASHION'S PETS ★ KAYSER STOCKINGS

FTER the southern deluges and the northern sunshine of Easter, Camberley Heath weather for the first day of the Inter-Club Open Scratch Mixed Foursomes was nondescript. That is also the impression left by the play. Not so far as excitement went, for nothing could have been much more thrilling than Stoke Poges' win at the 19th from West Hill after being 4 down and 5 to go, nor the series of eleven consecutive halves between Camberley Heath and Huntercombe, nor all those ding-dongs which finished on the 18th, particularly the one in which The Island Malahide holed right across that green for a three, by means of which they beat Dinsdale Spa 1 up.

But though the fighting was fine the golf—to be blunt—was rather indifferent. If there were tigers they seemed to have sheathed their claws. Of course the lesser animals can enjoy themselves just as much as the lords of the jungle. It is no detraction from the event, rather, in fact, a tribute



Going strong: Miss Butler and Miss Ruttledge walking briskly to the 18th green during the recent Kent County spring meeting at Wildernes Country Club

50 yards farther back than those from which the Ladies' London Foursomes had been played a couple of weeks earlier.

As at Worplesdon, so at Camberley, there is no accepted custom ruling where the ladies should drive, and quite often the man opposed the lady and the lady the man. Whether the odds or the evens were the less disastrous place for the shorter player was a fact undisclosed by the first day's play. Perhaps when two more have gone over our heads we shall be wiser.

People's determination to play in these Camberley Inter-Club Foursomes may be judged by the variety of clubs represented. You feel that some players who previously belonged only to some famous club who did not require their services, have sought out something else to join just on purpose to play—a very pretty compliment to Camberley's generosity in providing a really delightful competition. Though, for instance, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Barry may have some ancient and indissoluble connection with Dinsdale Spa, Miss Pim with Huntercombe, Mrs. Walter Payne with Princes, Mrs. Foley with Aldershot Command, Miss Justice with North Hants, they are usually connected in mind with quite other clubs. What matter! The catholicity of the entries—England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales—is all to the good, and one Welsh, Southerndown, and one Irish, The Island Malahide, came through the first day's play. The holders, Royal Mid-Surrey, did so by virtue of a bye and a walk over.



Miss Joyce Wethered made one of her all too rare public appearances in the London Foursomes, playing with Mrs. R. L. Kennedy for Worplesdon

Eve at GOLF

By ELEANOR E. HELME

to the stern qualities of Camberley as a test of golf, that nobody was reeling off strings of 4's, that 38 for 9 holes was quite good enough to bring in a pair of winners. The real explanation was the length of the tees used, 20, 30, 40, in some cases

handicaps under four according to their record in championships, and that such handicaps should not fluctuate, but remain constant after the manner of the men's national handicaps.

To expect Miss Wethered to go out and do scores for handicap purposes, or failing such, to treat her as non-existent in all lists of L.G.U. low handicap players is sufficient proof that the system is lacking somewhere. For the longer handicaps it is magnificent. Nothing could be better than the results obtained amongst players of five handicaps and upwards, but for the really top-notchers reform is urgently needed. How soon can it be obtained?

Amateur photographers who have really "sharp" snapshots of golfing subjects, particularly close-up photographs of prize-winners, are reminded that the Editor of "The Tatler" will always be glad to consider such and to pay usual rates for any that are accepted.

Last year's runners up, St. George's Hill, went down to Sunningdale represented by the irreproachable steadiness of Mr. de Montmorency and a valuable ally in young Miss Lett and her beautiful short game. They were the pair who put out Liphook, Major and Mrs. Kennedy, in the afternoon, on the last green.

Camberley Heath were not at their happiest, Miss Molly Gourlay being afflicted with a bout of topping. Captain Hawkins, though, did not allow himself to be demoralized, and by the time these words are printed the Challenge Cup may have come to anchor without a journey.

Every golfing gathering seems to have some special topic which is torn to shreds amongst the spectators as they cluster round the greens and by competitors over the tea-cups. At Camberley, indeed, wherever golfers congregate at present, the topic is the iniquity of the L.G.U. system of handicapping so far as the very lowest back-markers are concerned. It is not only that a certain number (who shall be nameless) have got down far too low, but a system which works purely mathematically on cards returned and takes no account of championship performances, must be incomplete. All that is bad enough, apt to bring discredit on the system when players go afield, and a 1, a 2, or a 3 handicap is seen playing golf thoroughly unworthy of so exalted a position. But worse than that is the fact that the players who actually win championships have still to go on returning cards to retain any handicap at all, and that their handicaps are liable to be altered at any moment by those scores.

Feeling is running high that the time is ripe for an alteration in the L.G.U. system, so that the lowest handicaps shall be dealt with by some sort of handicapping committee which would grade the players of



Truman Howell
Miss Littlehales captained the Monmouthshire team when they played Glamorganshire at Newport. Glamorganshire won by four matches to three



Film

Nothing so charming as beautiful teeth

Keep the Film coats off

YOU who read this already brush your teeth. But that does not mean your teeth are film-free. Tooth pastes vary widely in effectiveness. Many whose taste is pleasing or whose price is low fail in the chief task a dentifrice should perform. You must remove dangerous film from teeth.

Your teeth are covered by a clinging film. In it are germs that may cause decay. Film ruins the appearance of teeth by absorbing stains from food and smoking.

The sure way to remove dangerous film is with Pepsodent.

Pepsodent contains no harmful grit or crude abrasives. It has a gentle action that protects delicate enamel. It is completely SAFE . . . yet it removes film where ordinary methods fail.

Have lovely, sparkling teeth! Be safe! Use Pepsodent. Get a tube from your chemist today.

Sold in two sizes 1/3 and 2/-
The latter size double quantity

**FREE
10-DAY
TUBE**

The Pepsodent Co. (Dept. 129)
8, India Street, London, E.C.3
Send me free 10-day tube of Pepsodent

Name _____

Address _____

Only one tube to a family.

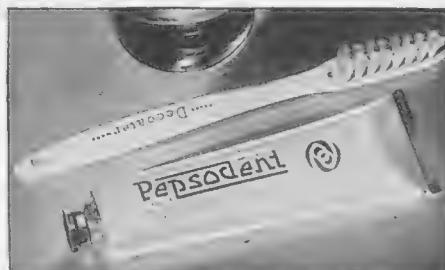
Pepsodent TRADE MARK 637

TATLER 15/4/31

**DO THESE 3 THINGS
TO HAVE STRONG, HEALTHY
TEETH**



1 *Include these in your daily diet: eggs, raw fruit, fresh vegetables; ½ lemon with orange juice; milk.*



2 *Use Pepsodent twice a day.*



3 *See your dentist at least twice a year.*

The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE



"Kaffa" brown calf and field-mouse snake skin in the hands of Hanan and Son, of 328, Oxford Street, make particularly desirable shoes; it is used for the one above, while the Grecian pump at the top is of black matt trimmed with glacé kid. (See p. iv)

Umbrella Brims.

FASHION has set herself no easy task in endeavouring to persuade women to wear large hats; they look remarkably well at dress parades with decorative frocks of printed chiffon organdie and marquisette, when soft draperies reign supreme in the form of berthes, fichus, and floating panels. On these occasions no wind appears to interfere with their poise. It must be remembered that even in the height of summer a breeze often makes itself felt. Where will these hats be then? The deadly hatpin is of no avail in persuading them not to part company with the head on account of the short hair. It

seems to me that they will never really be a success for general wear unless the elastic under the chin be revived. Utility has never played a very prominent rôle in the world of dress, so perhaps the large cape lines may score a success with their



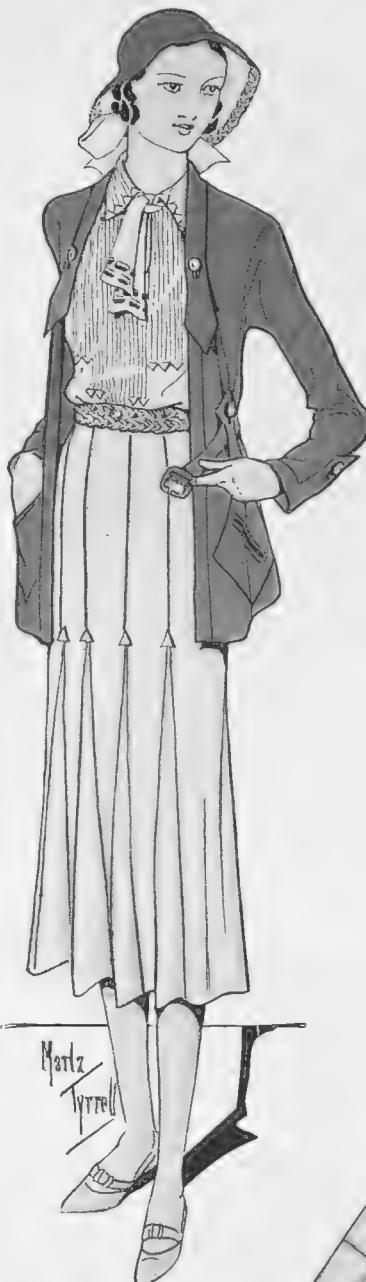
An important feature of the calf shoe at top of this page is the featherweight leather heel. The golf Oxford shoe is of tan willow calf, with saddle and tongue in natural coloured calf. The scheme is completed with a "Royal and Ancient" leather sole. At Hanan and Son. (See p. iv)

match the dresses. Wreaths of woodland flowers sometimes encircle the brims.

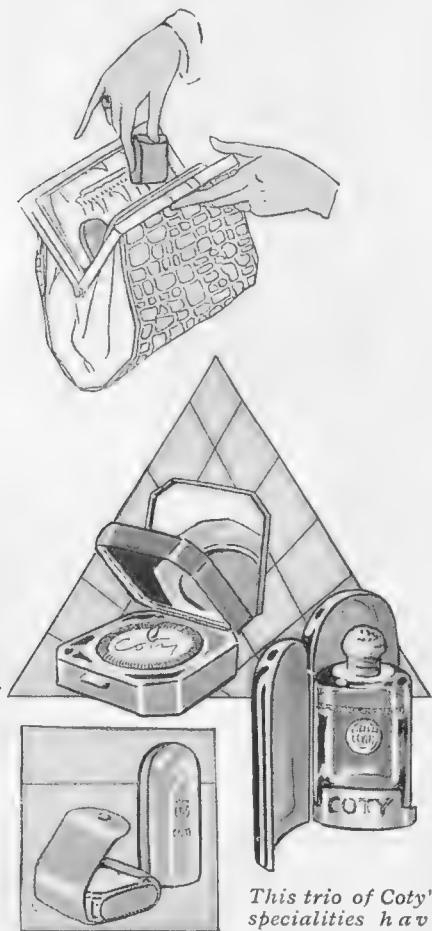
The "Half-and-Half" Hat.

The half-and-half hat is very amusing; the crown is often of crochet, while the brim is of stitched crêpe de chine or similar fabric; the latter is sufficiently wide to protect, and at the same time does not interfere with the vision of the wearer. The sailor with the gutter crown is made of very coarse straw; to be smart it has to be worn far back on the head, to suggest a halo. This type of headgear is sure to be responsible for many tragedies as, unless worn at the correct angle, it represents the acme of dowdiness. There is still another form of the large hat, and that is the one that is worn well off the head, and is reminiscent of the bonnet that the majority of us associate with those in which Sarah Gamp delighted. By the way, a new straw that is uncrushable has appeared, that is to say that the hats made of it may be rolled up and treated in any way the wearer likes, and they will remain unharmed.

(Continued on p. iv)

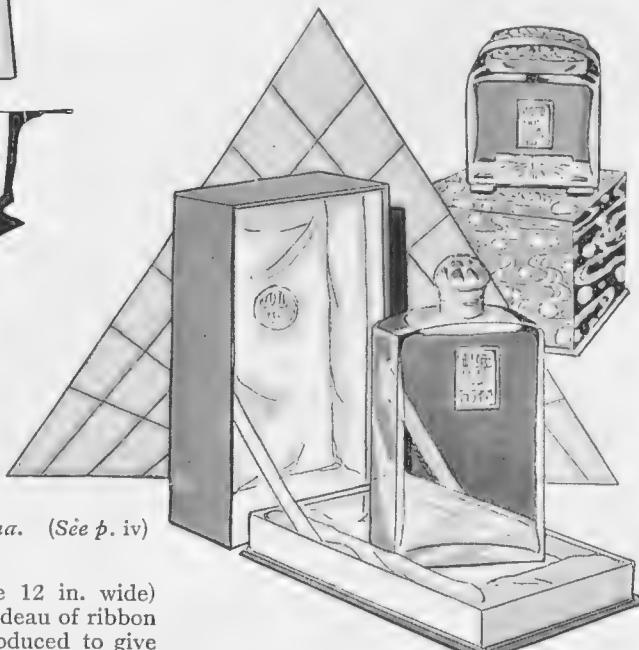


This suit is signed V.P., and may be seen in the Septimus Salons, 17, Mount Street, W. The sleeveless dress is of natural linen stockinette, and the coat of vermillion madiana. (See p. iv)



This trio of Coty's specialities have been created for the handbag. There is the compact powder and rouge in pigskin case, with unbreakable mirrors and miniature bottle of perfume in case. (See p. iv)

umbrella brims (some quite 12 in. wide) and shallow crowns. A bandeau of ribbon or flowers is frequently introduced to give them an upward tilt on the right side or lift them from the brow in front. These hats are made of every kind of straw, as well as of broderie anglaise and fabrics to



Coty has created over twenty-three perfumes in order that every woman may select one that will harmonize and accentuate her natural charm. (See p. iv)

A WOMAN'S BEAUTY IS A WOMAN'S DUTY



TO SHIELD your skin from the dirt and dust in the atmosphere, from exposure to wind or sun, use Pomeroy Day Cream. Like Pomeroy Skin Food, it has been used at Mrs. Pomeroy's famous Salon in Old Bond Street for over thirty years. Soft, fine, delicately pure, Pomeroy Day Cream protects your skin so that it retains its morning freshness throughout the day. It is so exquisitely fine as to be utterly harmless. It gives an added beauty to the skin, and is a perfect base for powder. Its fresh, flower-like perfume lingers on your skin—a delicate reminder of its friendly protection.

POMEROY DAY CREAM is sold at 2/6 and 5/- a jar and in 1/- tubes for the handbag

POMEROY DAY CREAM IN THE MORN

There are over 60 different Pomeroy Aids to Beauty, including Astringent Tonic Lotions, Compacts, Liquid Powder, Liline (combination of cream and powder), Shampoos, etc

POMEROY SKIN FOOD AT NIGHT

EVERY DAY your skin should be made fresh and new and young again. This is how it may be done. Last thing at night, smooth on Pomeroy Skin Food. Its pure delicate oils sink into the pores, loosening and removing every trace of dirt. And not only dirt, but the accumulation of dead skin that the day has brought. You wipe your face clean, and see already a fresher, clearer skin. But there still remains some of the Pomeroy Skin Food in your pores, to feed and invigorate the cells of the new skin that is waiting below. While you sleep, your skin is being rejuvenated.

At your chemist's, in jars at 2/3, 4/9 and 6/6 and in tubes at 1/-



Full price-list and a helpful book on Modern Complexion Care will be sent free if you write to: MRS. POMEROY LTD., 29 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

FASHIONS FOR THE BRIDE AND BRIDESMAID



Models, Debenham and Freebody

Among the outstanding successes from the collection of models at Debenham and Freebody's (Wigmore Street, W.) is this white satin bridal dress. The skirt is arranged in sculptured folds, and the basque is fashioned of plaited satin. The mittens with the mediaeval cuffs are separate affairs. The bridesmaid's dress is of silk net with skirt complete with satin coatee. It is 8½ guineas

Pictures, Blake



LEFT

Squirrel dyed sable, mink, or *cafe* 29 guineas.
Also in Black Caracul trimmed Mink
87 guineas, and in Russian Colt in various
shades from 18 guineas.

RIGHT

Beige Caracul 41 guineas. Also in Black
Caracul 72 guineas, and in Russian Colt
in various shades from 20 guineas.

The
Vogue of the
SHORT
FUR COAT

*

The Spring Mode says, 'it must be in a short fur coat that you sally into the sunshine.'

Come and see the short fur coats at Revillon Frères'—epigrams in fur!—and realise the full felicity of that pronouncement.



THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

The Turban Cap.

It is really difficult to give a name to the piece of material that, when adjusted, alights on the head and gives an indelible cachet to the ensemble. A toll has been levied on every conceivable fabric for its fashioning; the forehead is revealed, and sometimes half the crown of the head. Or it may be pulled down on one or both sides and cover the ears; on the right, quill tips or small feather fantasies are introduced. When half the crown is revealed the greatest difficulty is experienced in arranging the hair, so much so that mock pieces of hair are being sold; they are made of tinsel threads interspersed with silk. No attempt is made to camouflage the fact that they are not Nature's handiwork. Hairdressers are treating the ends of growing hair to hide the hem of the turban. The result is attractive clusters of curls. Forehead veils are requisitioned to keep errant tresses in order; they have a softening effect.

* * *

Fashions for the Beach and Garden.

The thoughts of all are focussed on modes for the beach and garden, and although there is a certain simplicity about the designs of the suits the colours are of the gayest. A battle is raging between linen, cotton, and silk fabrics. Of course the swimmer is of wool; it is advisable to have at least two of these accessories, so that after bathing there is a dry one waiting to be donned. Voluminous trousers have come to stay; the hips are cleverly moulded, and extra fulness is introduced in the vicinity of the knees; as a matter of fact a box-pleated flounce is the latest idea. No latitude is placed on the vagaries of the coats; they range from the monkey-jacket to the wraps inspired by those affected by the Arabian women. Shady hats to match the suits naturally reign supreme for beach wear, but for bathing there are special rubber caps to harmonize with the footwear. For the garden and breakfast, cretonne and printed shantung are the accepted fabricating mediums.

* * *

Frocks of Linen Stockinette.

There is really only one word that describes the V.P. creations carried out in natural linen stockinette—that is delightful. The one illustrated on p. 126 may be seen in the Septimus Salons, 17, Mount Street, W.; it is an admirable exponent of sophisticated simplicity. Note the miniature tucks and the macramé belt. The dress is innocent of sleeves, but the vermillion madiana coat which accompanies it is provided with them. Partnered they are 11 guineas; but the dress alone is 6½ guineas and the coat 5 guineas. Furthermore, there is an infinite variety of V.P. models assembled in these salons, including frocks of pastel-tinted silk or piqué. Those of linen lawn with insertions of lace are 7½ guineas, and those of printed voile 8½ guineas. All who are unable to visit the Septimus Salons must write to V. P., 9, Holles Street, and ask them to send the name and address of their nearest agent, as everything that bears these letters is worth seeing.

* * *

Featherweight 'Scutum Coats.

Standing on the threshold of the London season everyone cannot fail to recall the devastating deluge which so unex-

pectedly descended at Ascot last year and drenched the thousands that were unprepared for it. Therefore all and sundry must make a note of the fact that the featherweight 'Scutum is an ideal weather-proof and dust coat. It is a product of Aquascutum, 100, Regent Street, W., and is made of Egyptian cotton of silk-like texture and sheen, and is proofed by a rubberless process which does not affect the appearance or nature of the fabric. Other strong points in its favour are that

it weighs only 24 oz. and costs 3½ guineas. Illustrated on this page is a half-belted travelling coat, and is admirable for slipping on after a game of tennis or golf. It is made in camel-hair, lamb's-wool fleeces, and tweeds; ready to wear or made to measure it is 6 guineas. All interested in the subject must write for the illustrated catalogue; it will gladly be sent gratis and post free.

* * *

Shoes for all Occasions.

The very newest ideas of fashion are reflected in the footwear that may be studied in the Hanan Salons, 328, Oxford Street, W., and a slight idea of the collection assembled there may be gleaned from the illustrated catalogue sent gratis and post free. A fact that cannot be made too widely known is that there are admirably cut tennis shoes for 8s. 11d.; they are of white canvas with instep ties and are piped with colour, and of course the soles are of rubber. A quartette of Hanan shoes finds pictorial expression on p. 126. Much to be desired is the four-eye tie shoe in "Kaffa" brown calf trimmed with field-mouse snake-skin for 45s. the pair. For town wear there is the Grecian pump in black matt kid trimmed with black glacé kid; it represents the acme of smartness, and is 68s. the pair. The belted tie shoe, with featherweight leather heel in brown or dull black calf, is 65s. per pair. The requirements of the golf enthusiasts have not been overlooked; for them there is the 2-guinea Oxford shoe in tan willow calf with saddle and tongue in natural coloured calf, and there are "Royal and Ancient" rubber soles.

* * *

A Perfume Chart.

A problem that frequently confronts women is the choice of a perfume. They know that they need something to suit their personality, and they are not sure what it should be. Under these circumstances they must write to Coty, 3, Stratford Place, W., and ask them to send their perfume chart together with their brochure, "The Greater Way to Charm." Their perfume, manicure sets, and other specialities are sold practically everywhere. For the handbag there are compact powder and rouge in a pigskin case with two unbreakable mirrors for 12s. 6d. During the day, when away from home, a whiff of one's own perfume is most beneficial, therefore they are making a feature of miniature bottles in leather cases for 7s. 6d. By the way, a fact that cannot be made too widely known is that there are over twenty-three perfumes that bear the name of Coty. Perfume should never be applied to clothes, but it must be used in little drops behind the ears, at the nape of the neck, on the upper lid, on the forehead, and under the arm. A few drops may be sprinkled on the hands and rubbed into the skin.

* * *

Perfumed Manicure Essentials.

Very artistic and pleasant to use are Coty's manicure sets with removable trays which range in price from 15s. 6d. to 25s. Each bottle, when standing, is securely held in a socket, which, as every one knows, is an immense advantage. The perfumed liquid polish gives a lasting lustre which neither discolours nor peels, and is available in three shades.



A SMART TRAVELLING COAT

Designed and carried out by Aquascutum, 100, Regent Street, in lamb's-wool fleece. The half-belt is adjustable and the pockets are capacious

YARDLEY LAVENDER

The Lovable Fragrance



Wherever You Go—

Wherever beauty and rank and fashion foregather, the exquisite fragrance of the Yardley Lavender will greet you.

For the daily round of social engagements, Lavender is so delightfully attuned to the occasion.

Sprinkler Bottles
from 2/6 to 16/6

Fancy Bottles
from 6/9 to 70/-

Of all Chemists, Coiffeurs and Stores



Lavender Soap—'The Luxury Soap of the World'
—2/6 a box of three tablets, Face Powder 1/9,
Compact Face Powder 2/6, Face Cream 1/6,
English Complexion Cream 3/6, Bath Salts, 2/6, etc.

YARDLEY 33 Old Bond Street LONDON

POPE & BRADLEY

WHY LONDON MAKES THE BEST CLOTHES

REGULARLY, almost automatically, the best dressed men of every capital in the world come to London for their clothes. London's power in dictating men's styles and fashions is greater than the influence Paris has over women's. Along with steel, textiles and engineering, the building of clothes ranks among England's greatest industries—great, because of their superiority to those of any other nation. The supremacy of our tailoring remains unchallenged by foreign competitors.

LONDON has secured this international reputation, partly because Englishmen know how to carry their clothes, but mainly because London tailors combine the best of the three essentials of tailoring.

THE three essentials are cut, workmanship and materials. The last is the least relevant, because England can, and

does, export her finest worsteds and woollens. Workmanship is of inestimable importance, since hand-labour, though very expensive, is responsible for style, and the work of the best cutter is ruined without good hand-sewing. Good craftsmen, however, are not confined to England; the Swedes, Italians, and Americans are just as good, if properly trained.

BUT Swedes, Italians and Americans cannot produce men's clothes that approach the English in style. They have failed to master the art of cutting, and the English cutters always have been, and, let us hope, always will be, supreme.

EVEN in England, good cutters are as rare as good sewing workmen. The House of Pope and Bradley employs the finest cutters that can be found, as well as the pick of the West End "log" hand-sewing tailors on the board. Moreover, we have instituted a unique system of apprenticeship for a selected number of young men, in order that they may learn this difficult and subtle craft. When fully qualified they will not only earn high wages but they will ensure the maintenance of the reputation of our firm.

LOUNGE SUITS from ten guineas, Dinner Suits from fifteen guineas, Dress Suits from sixteen guineas.

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and
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also at
183 St. Ann's Square, MANCHESTER.

CVS-18

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ANOTHER attractive car—a smart saloon on a short chassis 8-litre Bentley—being built by Gurney Nutting especially for Jack Barclay.

At Jack Barclay's you will find the world's largest selection of new and used Bentley cars, all fully guaranteed and in superb running condition. Come to Jack Barclay

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The Best Cars

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"Guaranteed
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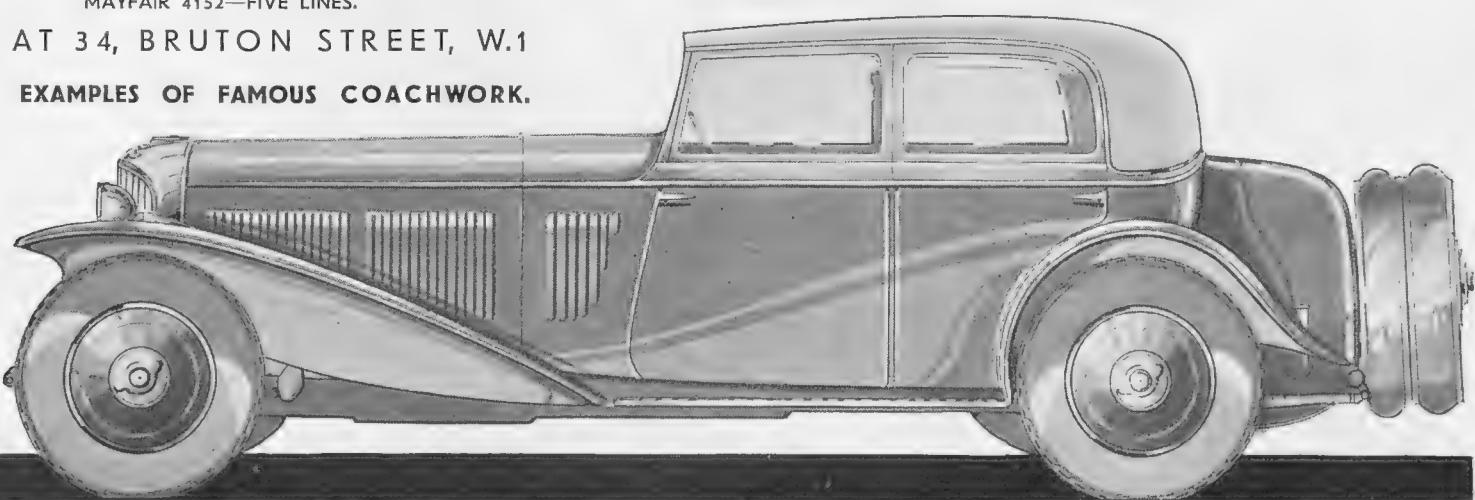


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NO. 6. EXAMPLES OF FAMOUS COACHWORK.



FLYING SECTION

Learn to Fly at our

Expense—see page xxviii



LIEUT.-COLONEL MOORE-BRABAZON

About to take off in a Voisin biplane at Châlons on January 29, 1909

IT seems difficult to realize in these days that flight only twenty-five years ago was looked upon as one of those impossibilities like perpetual motion. Yet to-day it is an accepted method of transport and one of the most potent powers in war that the world has ever seen.

The early days were to my mind by far the most interesting as one was up against accepted opinion which had laid it down that flight was an impossibility. However, that never deterred the early workers on the subject.

The pioneers started on the basis of gliding. Here, by using gravity and by sailing down hills against the up-current of air, certain control of the machine was obtained, the propelling power being gravity. It only remained for such propelling power to be provided by a light engine for flight to become a possibility, and the advent of the light petrol engine provided exactly what was required at the right time.

The names of Lilienthal, Pilcher, Canute, Voisin, Ferber, must always be associated with these early endeavours.

The Wright Brothers undoubtedly did the trick first, and considering the fact that their facilities were not great, the feat of constructing, not only an aeroplane themselves, but also building the engine for it and learning to fly it must always remain one of the triumphs of human ingenuity for all time.

In Europe most of the first machines, including the first made by Santos Dumont, were of the box kite type pushed by high horse-powered engines. These were singularly unreliable, nor were the planes efficient, still less were the controls efficacious, so that the early endeavours were somewhat variable and erratic.

First of all the power was only just enough to get the machine off the ground. I well remember, myself, doing trials in slippers to avoid the weight of boots, and carrying only half a gallon of petrol in order

EARLY DAYS OF FLYING

By J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon

to avoid weight. The early hops one made only showed what little control there was of the machine in the air, as, with the early Voisin, there was no lateral control whatever, everything having to be done by the rudder. Added to this there was nobody who could give you

any advice on flying because there was nobody who had done it, consequently every action had to be learnt by



MR. WILBUR WRIGHT

At the controls of one of the early Wright biplanes. The pilot sat on the leading edge of the lower plane. Skids were used in place of landing wheels

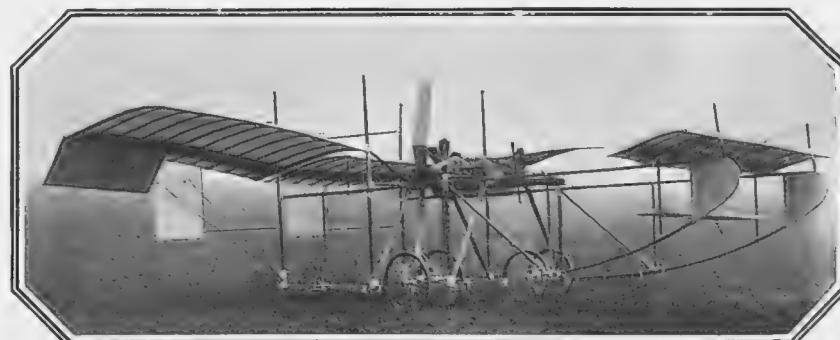


THE SANTOS DUMONT BIPLANE

The first suggestion of the modern enclosed fuselage can be seen in this machine

Having placed the rail when you had done this, you took up your position in the aeroplane and pulled the trigger. The moment you did this, the push of the propellers added to the force given you by the

(Continued on p. xxii)



A REMARKABLE "TAIL-FIRST" AEROPLANE

The Barber Valkyrie with 50-h.p. Gnome engine. The tail-first form of construction has been revived recently in Germany

PRIVATE FLYING TO-DAY

The Development of the Modern Light Aeroplane

By OLIVER STEWART

WHY fly? Because flying provides us with the raw material of life which is movement. It enables us to live more largely; to taste a greater variety of experience; it allows us to *eat more space*. Flying, moreover, is a means of affirming our independence; of demonstrating that we can continue to exist without visible means of support. He who climbs into an aeroplane shakes the dust of depression from his feet and in every sense rises. He has continents at his command and he enjoys a freedom which was unattainable in the dark, earth-bound ages before the coming of aeronautics. With an aeroplane, figuratively and literally, the world is at your feet. You can thereafter look forward to being looked up to and can derive the full benefit from living in the twentieth century. Those who do not fly now are neglecting



THE ROBINSON REDWING

With side-by-side seating. The cost of this machine is £660

wreckage with little left of pilot or craft except the unshaken and unshakable determination to try again. Those were times of giants indeed; men who established the classic airman's ritual of "calmly lighting a cigarette" after every crash. They were great cigarette smokers in those days.

Let some of the pioneers' names be recalled with admiration and respect. There was Colonel Moore-Brabazon, who tells of his early experiences in another part of this issue;

Sir Alliott V. Roe, who may justly claim to be the first British manufacturer of a British aircraft and the first manufacturer of an enclosed cabin aircraft, Mr. Grahame White, Mr. Raynham, and Mr. Handley Page. Among those designers and pilots, who are no longer with us, there were C. S. Rolls, H. Latham, Gustav Hamel, H. G. Hawker, Cody, and the Frenchman Pégoud who did everything that could be done with an aeroplane, including, if my memory does not play me false, the double bunt, years before anyone else thought such things were possible.

These are names which evoke the days of effort and striving against odds which led the way to the facile flying of 1931. The lady who wrote to Sir Alliott V. Roe at the time he was experimenting with his triplane, offering her services as pilot and giving as her sole qualification for the post the fact that she was desirous of committing suicide, expressed a very general pre-war view about aviation. In 1906 the greatest and weightiest of our daily journals said, with that heavy judiciousness which is the Englishman's birthright, that it was of the opinion that "all attempts at artificial aviation on the basis he (Sir A. V. Roe) describes are not only dangerous to human life, but foredoomed to failure from an engineering standpoint."

After the pioneer period we come to the War period. It also was heroic, and like most heroic periods is better regarded from a distance. The light aeroplane has progressed far from the fighting machine, and its progress must largely be attributed to the genius and the unexampled foresight of Captain Geoffrey de Havilland. Before Captain de Havilland took the light aeroplane in hand there were many air accidents, and flying had little more attraction to offer than



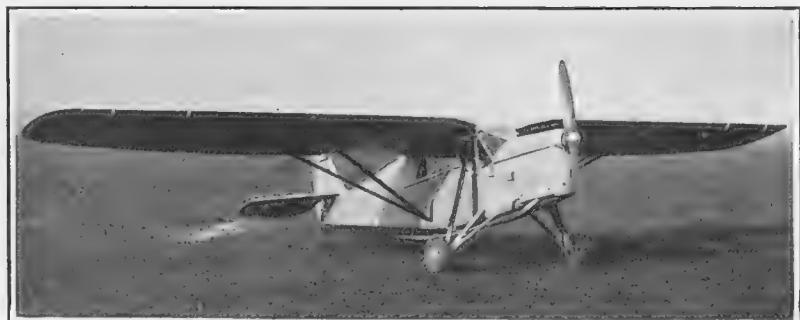
THE CIERVA AUTOIRO

The first and only successful rotating wing aircraft

their birthright: for this generation is indisputably heir to the air.

Aeronautics has not reached its present position without a struggle. The modern light aeroplane—safe, docile, quiet, and quick—did not spring Minerva-like fully registered and carrying its Certificate of Airworthiness and engine and airframe log books from the forehead of the Director of Civil Aviation. It was the outcome of trial and error. Three stages may be distinguished in the aeronautical development which has culminated in the present era of aeroplanes for all. The first was the pioneer stage; the second the War or slaughter stage, and the third the successful transport stage—periods of trying, dying, and flying.

Look back for one moment at the early flyers, for such retrospection is always salutary if it is not prolonged sufficiently to produce a crick in the neck. They merited the epithet which was so constantly attached to them, "intrepid," but not the noun that went with it, "birdmen." With caps properly reversed they perched themselves upon gimblerack frameworks, intricate cat's-crades of wires and wood. They shouted "Contact!" and sped bravely across the aerodrome to end, almost without exception, in the ditch at the far end, a crumpled and cursing mass of



THE PUSS MOTH

The most luxurious light aeroplane, with enclosed cabin and low-pressure tyres and wheel brakes. This is the type used by the Prince of Wales

a dislocation of the cervical vertebræ; now it offers speed and delight and safety. Bowler-hatted and replete we can sit in our Puss Moth "all earth forgot and all Heaven around us," with the April clouds about, spring in the air, and the sky as grey as a woman's eye.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam, there's no place like Heston or Hanworth if you live in that direction. England is not well furnished with aerodromes, there being only about fifty established civil ones, but there are many landing grounds, some in the pleasantest surroundings. And what aerodromes there are are in the right places. There are the aerodromes at Blackpool, where Stanley Park is available for light aeroplanes. It is controlled by the Blackpool Corporation, and, although a good deal smaller than Squire's Gate, it is in some ways more convenient. Torquay, to go south, is also building an aerodrome, and at many other seaside places there are fields or landing grounds. Air meetings and pageants and club dinners and dances form the excuse and the reason for a succession of cross-country flights throughout the spring, summer, and autumn. And wherever you go by air you will be well received. In hospitality the clubs have kept up something of the war-time zest, and have brought into existence that kind of aeronautical freemasonry which was to be noticed in the Royal Flying Corps before it became a constituent of the R.A.F.

The ease with which the Continent may be reached by air is well emphasized by the target-map on another page, which shows the range for a given time of flight and the chief places within that range. Your aircraft brings the Berlin beer gardens within eight hours' flight from the Brentford Gasworks, and the Folies Bergère within three-and-a-half hours' flight from the Albert Memorial.

Though efficient the modern light aeroplane is by no means stereotyped. There are as many types as there are tastes. They are alike only in that they give speed without fuss, progression with discretion, and open up the interests of aerobatics, cross-country flying and, a by no means negligible interest—just flying. They do not, as does the wireless according to the advertisements, bring the world to your fireside; they bring your fireside to the world, a more satisfactory transposition. The air traveller sits in a chair and without effort or strain moves at 80, 100, or 120 m.p.h. at 20, 25, or 30 miles per gallon, and at an expense, taking everything in, of possibly less than 6d. a mile. In travel, which Plato prescribed as a cure for senility, the age of apathy is past. You no longer wait till the clouds roll by; you get up among them and roll by the clouds.

Let a brief mention be made of the more popular light aeroplanes. To start with one of the lowest-priced two-seaters, there is the Robinson Redwing with Armstrong-Siddeley Genet engine. Reliable, easy to fly, and perhaps safer than any other comparable type, the Redwing has side-by-side seating, which I have always held, and still hold, to be the only polite kind. It has an exceptionally low landing speed and exceptionally quick take-off and steep angle of climb, a combination which enables the pilot to get into and to get out of a cabbage patch should occasion demand.

Between the Redwing and the Puss Moth, which may be placed at the other end of the luxury scale, there are many types. Chief among them is the open de Havilland Gipsy Moth, whether of

metal or of wood, which is the pioneer light aeroplane and remains the most popular among both clubs and private owners. The Cierva Autogiro is in a class of its own, and an exceedingly interesting class. The principle of the rotating wing in place of the fixed wing gives the advantage that landings may be made without much forward speed. Indeed, in the average wind, the Autogiro can be landed with a run of less than its own length. When I first met Señor De La Cierva a few years ago, on the occasion of the first demonstration of his Autogiro in England, he expressed his faith in the moving-wing principle. Since then his aircraft have gone some way to justify that faith.

The Civilian Coupé is a peculiarly interesting and original type of light aeroplane. It is an enclosed cabin two-seater with a good speed-range—that essential quality for aircraft to be used in England. With the Genet Major engine the top speed is about 116 m.p.h., and the landing speed is under 40 m.p.h. Semi-cantilever construction with folding wings is used, and the cabin windows are arranged to give a view covering a large proportion of the sphere of sky. I do not know who the designer of the Civilian Coupé is, but he has shown

a full realization of the needs of the private aeroplane owner in this machine.



TYPICAL INTERIOR OF A FORD PULLMAN TYPE AEROPLANE

Similar to those recently supplied to Lord Lovelace and Prince Bibesco. No two Pullman interiors are decorated alike. A sleeping bunk will be seen hinged up out of the way in the top right-hand corner of the photograph



THE CIVILIAN COUPÉ

This is an extremely inexpensive enclosed cabin machine with side-by-side seating

Air Ministry,
Gwydyr House,
Whitehall, S.W.1,
23rd March, 1931.

The Editor of "The Tatler."

DEAR SIR,

I was very much interested to hear of THE TATLER Flying Scheme, which I am sure will arouse great enthusiasm. The proposed scheme of scholarships will make it possible for selected pupils in all parts of the country, who might otherwise not be able to afford the expense, to obtain a complete course of instruction for the "A" Licence. The idea is a good one, and provides further evidence of the interest which THE TATLER has always taken in the progress of civil aviation.

Yours faithfully,
F. C. SHELMERDINE.

And now we come to the Puss Moth, the aristocrat of light aeroplanes. There is no vehicle of any kind that combines in so high a degree the qualities of quietness, quickness, and comfort. The latest Puss Moth has such refinements as low-pressure air wheels and wheel-brakes. It successfully reintroduced the air-brake, which has been tried on and off since the earliest days. It costs rather more than £1,000.

The Ford aeroplane is one of the fastest civil transport machines in existence; indeed it holds the world's record for this type with something approaching 165 m.p.h. The normal cruising speed can be as high as 122 m.p.h. Prince Bibesco is using one of these aircraft regularly, and they are to be found in all parts of the world.

The actual purchase of an aircraft can be done through most of the schools of flying, or at agents and even some of the large stores. Selfridge's for instance, have established a special aviation department, the first of its kind, with Flight-Lieutenant C. Clarkson in charge. Flight-Lieutenant Clarkson was formerly an instructor of the C.F.S.



Photo: Courtesy of "The Aeroplane"

3 engines — great reserve power — extra safety.

10,000 FT. CAN BE MAINTAINED FULLY LOADED, WITH ONLY 2 ENGINES RUNNING (MODEL 5-AT)

The FORD three-engined all-metal AEROPLANE FEATURES

COMMERCIAL USES: Designed and constructed for the economical transport of passengers, mail and other freights.

PRIVATE OWNERS: Cabins can be specially designed and decorated to suit individual taste and requirements.

MATERIAL: Aluminium alloys; great strength and durability; uniformity ensured by most exacting scientific tests.

ENGINES: Wright, Pratt and Whitney, or Packard Diesel; **HORSE POWER:** 675 to 1,275.

CRUISING RANGE: 5.9 hours at cruising speed.

CRUISING SPEED: From 55 to 122 miles per hour.

HIGH SPEED: New high-speed model up to 152.5 miles per hour.

PAY LOADS: From 1,725 to 3,643 pounds.

PASSENGERS: From 9 to 15, in addition to a crew of 2 (pilot and assistant).

OPTIONAL EQUIPMENT: Buffet, toilet, running water, electric lights, adjustable chairs and sleeping berths.

PRICE: Exceptionally low because Ford three-engined, all-metal planes are produced commercially by scientific methods.

All Ford aircraft figures guaranteed to within 2 per cent.

SHOULD one engine fail, Ford planes can continue and complete their trip with the remaining two.

Should two engines fail, the angle of descent can be extended to cover an area of about 1,000 sq. miles.

Three well-tried engines give Ford all-metal planes great reserve power and extra safety.



THE WOMAN PILOT

By WINIFRED BROWN

EXCEPT for a few early pioneers, the woman pilot was practically unheard of five or six years ago. To-day women are becoming wildly enthusiastic, and each year an increasing number join the flying clubs and schools.

In 1926, I was refused flying membership to an aero club on account of my sex, and only after argument was I eventually elected. The following day I went to watch an air pageant, where the only woman competitor unfortunately collided on the ground with our club machine. "There!" exclaimed our outraged pilot, "that will happen every day at home now we've got a woman in the club."

During a visit to Western Australia in 1927, my request to hire an aeroplane at the club there was laughed at, and the production of my flying licence did not entirely dispel doubt. To-day, after the amazing flights made by women, the whole world has accepted her as a pilot.

Woman has won her place in the air and proved the vast possibilities open to her sex in this fascinating and useful hobby.

There are, however, many who still consider flying both difficult and dangerous. This is a very mistaken idea. Practically anyone can fly, there is no need to be an all-round athlete; normal physique and health, coupled with common sense are enough qualities required for private flying. The controls are light and easy, strength is not necessary, but rather a light and sensitive touch that comes naturally to a woman. Of course, taken as a profession or for record breaking flights, a higher standard of physical fitness is essential. One often hears the remark, "Oh, I couldn't possibly fly, I can't stand height." Flying is quite different from standing on the edge of a cliff or high building. I know many pilots who would be uneasy looking down from the top of Blackpool Tower, but once they lose contact with the ground all fear and giddiness disappear. As for flying being dangerous, the aeroplanes of to-day are very reliable, and most accidents are the result of over confidence or lack of precaution. Unfortunately an aeroplane crash receives far greater publicity than any other form of transport,

while the many successful flights accomplished every day are seldom mentioned.

The average woman should learn to fly after ten to fifteen hours' instruction. Learning to fly is in itself very enjoyable and there are few thrills that compare with one's first solo flight—to be in the air alone, to realise you can fly. The earth, far below, looks like a patchwork of green and brown, the people on the ground like tiny ants. In this country there are many well-appointed flying clubs and schools where it is possible to have a good time both in the air and on the ground. Some of these flying

clubs have all the facilities of a country club and one may see a woman leave a tennis court, slip on a leather coat and helmet and get into an aeroplane as some would



Capstack, Blackpool

MISS WINIFRED BROWN

Winner of last year's King's Cup race

step into a car. The woman pilot does not require special clothing for ordinary flying, and although anyone who saw my oily blackness after last year's King's Cup Race may doubt this statement, many of the other women competitors stepped immaculately dressed from their machines. Just as in a saloon car, ordinary hats can be worn when piloting the small cabin type of machine in use to-day.

Learning to fly is not very expensive; for £30 a woman should be able to obtain an "A" licence, which entitles her to fly an aeroplane and, should she desire, take her friends as passengers, providing it is not for commercial purposes.

There is not a great deal of studying; just as many car drivers know little about their engines, the woman pilot need not be a mechanic unless she desires. Personally I am happy to leave all adjustments, etc., to mechanics who have spent their lives at the job, for in the air one cannot afford to learn by mistakes, and a little knowledge may prove a dangerous thing. For a flight, however, where desolate country may be passed over, knowledge of the engine is advisable in case of a forced landing.

Although there is still plenty of room in the air and no policemen on point duty, there are nevertheless, many rules and conventions which must be learnt and obeyed, just as one follows the rules of the road. A slight knowledge of navigation is necessary for successful cross-country flying. However there are many simple instruments to aid the working-out of a compass course. A map is easy to read in the air, as the ground lies below like another large map, and lakes, rivers, railway lines, etc., are simply compared to check one's position. Any risk of flying in bad weather is done away with if the excellent reports of our meteorological offices are asked for and followed. In this way it is possible to ascertain the weather to expect along one's proposed route, also the strength and direction of the wind which, if not allowed for, may blow the aeroplane off its course.

The light aeroplane of to-day costs little more than a medium-priced car, and the petrol and oil consumption are roughly the same, for after all the engine is usually a 4-cylinder and similar to that of a motor-car.

If the woman pilot hires or buys her own 'plane a very attractive programme is open to her. Perhaps the most enjoyable is the aerial holiday abroad. In a few hours one can leave the cold, damp English winter; the English Channel dreaded by so many, is passed over in 10 or 15 min. Recently I flew from Manchester to Paris in 3½ hr. Owing to a following wind it was

(Continued on p. xxii)



MISS WINIFRED SPOONER

Whose air racing successes both in England and abroad are too numerous to mention here



MISS AMY JOHNSON

The first woman to make a solo flight to Australia

AVIGATION

By IVOR McCLURE

A FEW years ago, when amateur pilots were numbered by tens instead of by hundreds, the old hands used to shoot a line about the danger and the difficulty of flying. This served to give the new boys at the school a healthy respect for the air and a gratifying respect for their betters. I am inclined to believe that the pupils who took their tickets in 1927 and 1928 have rather a better air sense than those who pass out nowadays, the ladies always excepted.

The amateurs began to increase alarmingly and the old hands to wonder how long they would remain heroes if everybody learnt to fly. But the love of heroism dies hard and the amateurs were not going to see air talk debunked without a fight. They soon found that the simple act of learning to fly entitled them to be referred to in the Press as well-known pilots, and to share the dizzy rungs of the public ladder with Gandhi, an outbreak of smallpox, and other amazing and sensational disasters.

But the Press is fickle. The favours of publicity were soon narrowed down to the women pilots; their claims to femininity being sometimes slender, the fierce light was later focussed solely on their lipsticks. There the matter rests at present.

With the number of private owners doubling itself every eighteen months, the old hands were faced with the horrors of inflation and decided to stabilize. There is a movement on foot to raise the status of the air pilot.

It must be obvious by now that nearly anyone can learn to fly, from the octogenarian rural deans with incipient cataract to virgins of four and five who still hiccup over their cocktails. Anyone, therefore, can set off to fly from London to Vladivostok. The new difficulty is that you won't arrive, not because of the danger of battling with a roaring monster, but because you cannot possibly find your way unless you combine the qualities of a calculating machine and a weather prophet.

This means that the pilots have new stuff to put over and we shall hear of the grim endurance, pluck, and cleverness that enabled Miss Circe Paphian to fly from Stag Lane to Hendon in a wind of Beaufort scale twenty when twelve-tenths of cloud were 200 ft. below the ground. Golgotha Lady Graves will work out her bus fare with a slide rule and tender a course and distance calculator in mistake for half-a-crown. Vera de Blancbec, with a pretty little shrug of despair, will explain that she can no longer use the Edgware Road since she gave up flying on a rhumb line. The status of the air pilot is being raised. Blah!

It is of no importance that for years the most efficient civil pilots in England have been flying accurately and straight from one place to another, often with very little more than a page torn from a pocket atlas. The jingle of instruments and the jargon of trigonometry are a sore temptation in times of falling prestige. The status of the air pilot *must* be raised.

Once the immense difficulties of flying from A to B become properly appreciated by the ground folk, they will rightly hesitate before lightly adopting the fashionable method of transport. If they can be deterred from taking the air the diminishing supply of honour and glory may just go round. Otherwise, of

course, thousands instead of hundreds will be flying, and our interest in it will be found on a different page under "Industrial securities." After all, that is the big idea.

Let it be quietly confessed that the job of flying to lunch involves no risk to your neck, no romance, no necromancy, but is growing. The old way was to follow the road or the railway.

Pilots became living Bradshaws and only failed to reach their destination when they mistook the 12.15 for the 11.55, or when gerrymandering trains took to slipping coaches. The risk of selecting the wrong railway line is now much reduced by the advent of name signs in very large white letters on petrol depôts.

The comparatively easier task of those artful ones who put the onus of finding the way on that old Chinese gadget, the compass, is even being made a sinecure in places by wireless. From time to time, you switch over 2LO and listen; if you are to the left of your course you hear an F noise, and if you are to the right you hear a noise like L. If, by any hazard, you are on your right course you are rewarded by a continuous sound which originates from the synchronized use of FL in the Morse alphabet.

In addition to these luxuries our beloved Air Ministry (Civil side) is erecting an apparatus which will guide you home in any weather with the help of two white lines on the instrument board. If you err the least bit to the right or to the left, one or other of the white lines increases in length and the other grows shorter. This obviates the necessity of interrupting your enjoyment of 2LO's programme or the backchat between Croydon Control Tower and an Air-line pilot staggering in from Paris with a load of vomiting Americans. Our Gwydyr House are considerate, not only of our safety but of our pleasure.

All that we have really to become anxious about in the future is how on earth we are going to relieve the tedium of flying. These toys are amusing enough in their novelty, but soon they will be regarded as solely utilitarian. It is true that they may become more ingenious as they become more numerous, but they will relieve us of our only occupation in the past, that of taking an occasional glance to see where the wind had blown us. What will there be left to do? Only one thing, and that perhaps enough in itself: keeping out of the way of the thousands of other aircraft. It will be time, too.



AN AERIAL VIEW OF LONDON
The Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, etc.

Aerofilms, Ltd.



A VIEW OF BLACKPOOL
Looking down on the famous North of England seaside resort, which has just provided a magnificent municipal aerodrome



Mr.
Ivor
McClure



Aerofilms Studio

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Why on earth? Why not take the air? Anyone who flies will tell you that it is the ideal way of travelling. No discomfort—no bonnet to luggage-grid processions—no exhaust-laden atmosphere. Cruising in safety at 110 m.p.h. to Paris—to the Rhine—you will look down upon roads like the one shown here with a pardonable feeling of superiority.

BUT REMEMBER

you must be well taught. You only learn to fly once. Do it properly—thoroughly—under the instruction of expert pilots.

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Probably you will only need six to eight hours tuition, followed by some cross country flying, and then all Europe will be your playground. Heston is fully equipped for every flying need. It is the only private aerodrome with Customs facilities. Come and see it... you will find a good deal to interest you

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AIRWORK



SHELL's chain of petrol stations for aviators

The following extract from "The Aeroplane" describes how the service policy of Shell has already provided aviators with a complete chain of Shell filling stations along the main Imperial flying routes, namely:

LONDON TO INDIA

LONDON TO AUSTRALIA

LONDON TO CAPE TOWN

long before such systems can hope to become a paying proposition from the commercial point of view.

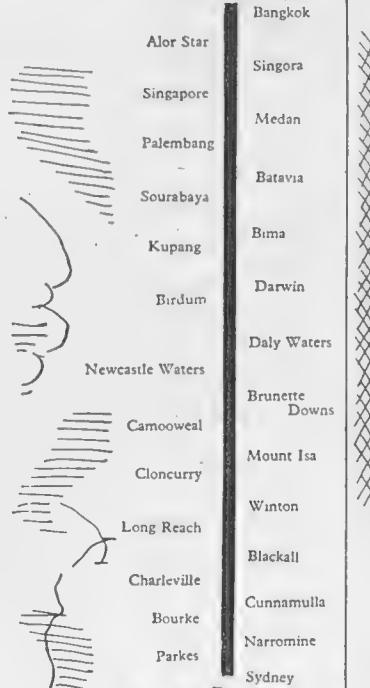
Extract from "The Aeroplane," 18th March, 1931

"SUPPLIES ON IMPERIAL ROUTES.—In these days of record flights in all sorts of categories, to Australia and the Cape and so forth, aviators may like to know that there is no need to have special dumps of petrol and oil laid along the route. Thanks to Shell-Mex Ltd. and their allied firms, and friendly rivals, the air routes from London to Sydney and London to Cape Town are as well supplied with petrol and oil stations as an ordinary English main road is with wayside garages. They are so close together that with any luck a Mark I Cirrus Moth could do either journey.

"Some years ago the Shell Company made up their minds that one of the best ways in which it could help Civil Aviation was by making sure that stocks of petrol and oil were available along the main routes. This has now been done and the list of names which follows hereafter gives an indication of the places on the alternative routes to India, on the way to Australia and on the South African route where Shell service can be had.

"If the aviator chooses to pay cash on the way he can go right off without telling anybody, and be sure that he will be able to get supplies. If he does not want to pay cash the only thing he needs to do is to get from the Shell Company in London a chit which will enable him to get his supplies against receipts—provided, presumably, that the firm thinks that the man is good for the money, which is not always true of globe-trotting aviators, some of whom seem to think that they ought to be supplied and entertained at the expense of other people all the way along, as a reward for their pluck and pertinacity, or, at any rate, their nerve.

"Obviously, years and years will have to pass before the Shell Company can recover from travelling aviators the money they have spent in providing this colossal ground organization. But then the Shell Company always have been good-natured. And what they do not make in that way they certainly gain in general prestige."





COLONEL THE MASTER OF SEMPILL

Who has done a great deal of touring in light aeroplanes and light seaplanes. Formerly President of the Royal Aeronautical Society, he is one of the foremost aviation authorities of the day

One of the fallacies about the cost of flying that still persists is that the aeroplane engine, even the small four-cylinder types principally used on machines like the Moth and the Avian, "drinks petrol." Actually, these engines are on an average more economical than car engines of equal size. For example, the 100-h.p. Gipsy engine, used so extensively in light aircraft, averages nineteen miles to the gallon of petrol in a three-seater cabin machine; its appetite for oil is about 1,400 m.p.g., and these figures apply generally to other similar engines like the Cirrus and Genet.

In endeavouring to give an idea of what it costs to fly, a basis of mileage must be assumed, though it is usual among pilots to describe the use made of a machine in flying-hours. Now most private owners do the greater part of their flying during the spring, summer, and early autumn, and the records of the flying clubs and similar organizations show that the private owner averages about 140 flying-hours per year. As machines improve, and as the ground organization gets extended, so will what might be termed the air-travel habit grow and the hours flown per year increase.

One of the modern cabin machines will cruise comfortably at 110 m.p.h., but such a machine may be too expensive for many private owners, who will find the two-seater open machine more suitable to their means. With such a machine a cruising speed of 85 m.p.h. should be assumed. In our 140 hours' flying, therefore, 12,000 miles will be covered.

Here, then, is our basis of calculation. Taking petrol consumption at 19 m.p.g., and the cost of fuel at 1s. per gallon, the total cost works out at £31 11s. 9d. Lubricating oil is priced at, in round figures, 5s. per gallon; in our 12,000 miles, at 1,400 m.p.g., we shall have to pay £2 1s. 6d., giving a bill for fuel and oil of £33 13s. 3d. Calling this £33 15s. for convenience, petrol and oil costs work out at 0.675d. per mile, or slightly less than 4d.—hardly an exorbitant figure.

Yet fuel and oil costs are not the largest individual item in the annual bill. Other items that have to be considered are maintenance and repairs of both machine and engine; housing, insurance, and licence fees. Of these the biggest single expenditure is on insurance, for which £50 is usually allowed; but this figure depends on the pilot's experience and known record.

FLYING IS NOT EXPENSIVE

Costs are Coming Down Rapidly

By THE MASTER OF SEMPILL, A.F.C., F.R.Ae.S.

THE old idea that only those possessing wealth can afford to fly dies hard; but every year sees the costs of flying brought more and more within the reach of the man of moderate means. Even to-day the man who can afford to run a medium-class car—one priced at round about £600—finds flying, probably through the help of one of the flying clubs, within his means; in fact, the light aeroplane to-day costs about as much to run per mile as the average car.

The reliability of the light-aeroplane engine is such that it requires little more attention than that of a car, even though it has to satisfy the regulations of the Air Ministry. It is impossible to enter into details in this article, the aim of which is to summarize costs, but it may be said that extended experience by one of the leading aircraft organizations shows that a sum of £45 per annum covers all usual maintenance charges, including allowance for minor replacements. A private lock-up garage may be rented for £3 10s. per month, making £42 per year. The licence fee is 5 guineas per annum.

Here, then, are the main items on the annual bill:

| | £ s. |
|--|-------|
| Fuel and oil | 33 15 |
| Insurance | 50 0 |
| Maintenance | 45 0 |
| Housing | 42 0 |
| Licence fee (Certificate of Airworthiness) | 5 5 |
| | — |
| Total | 176 0 |

This is equal to around 3½d. per mile—a figure at which few car owners could be astonished. No allowance has been made for depreciation which, however, should not be a very large item.

Of course, these are merely the operating expenses, and the pilot will find that there are others he must meet when on tour. If he goes abroad—as he almost certainly will—he will have to secure a *carnet de passage* in order to obtain entry to and exit from the various countries, and he will of course need a passport. Hotel and other expenses should not be considered, for they are involved whether the tourist goes by air, road, rail, or sea, and cannot be estimated. But when all has been considered flying is not expensive, and it is important to notice that certain costs are coming down as civil flying extends.

Insurance rates will fall. The fool-proof aeroplane is being developed, and so the importance of the personal factor tends to grow less, and it seems probable that something like the conditions of motoring insurance will soon be the rule.

As aerodrome accommodation increases, and flying becomes more usual, the costs of housing and ground assistance will be reduced; and this will ease one of the burdens falling to-day on the shoulders of the private owner.

There are, of course, other ways of flying besides owning a machine, for some of the clubs have a "fly-yourself" scheme that is as economical as it is convenient. For a charge of £2 per hour, or less in certain cases, a machine may be obtained for an unlimited period, and when it is remembered that an hour's flying represents roughly 80–95 miles, it will be seen that it costs only about £4 to fly from London to Paris. Shared by two, as the outlay probably would be, this is less than the normal fare, and is certainly not beyond the means of the average motorist.



COMMANDER GLEN KIDSTON

Whose flight to Cape Town in six-and-a-half days has finally proved the practicability of high-speed air mails. On Commander Kidston's left is Mr. Cathcart Jones, the second pilot, and on his right Mr. T. A. Vallette, the wireless operator



MISS E. D. TYZACH

Holloway
The first woman member of the Northants Aero Club to gain her "A" flying certificate, thereby winning Lord Wakefield's Silver Cup. She owns her own machine, and her brother is also a keen flying member of the club

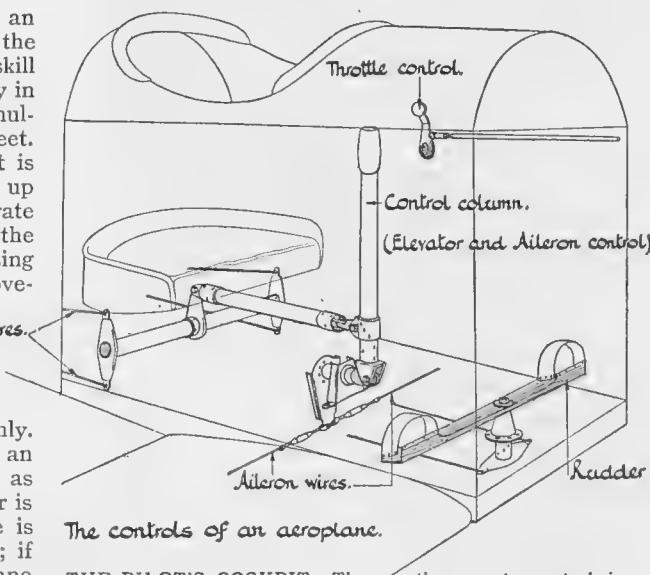
A FIRST LESSON IN FLYING

The Controls. By OLIVER STEWART

WHEN a pilot is flying an aeroplane he uses all the controls at once, and skill in flying consists largely in the harmonious balancing of simultaneous movements of hands and feet. But for purposes of instruction it is convenient to divide the controls up and to treat them as if the separate surfaces such as the rudder and the elevator are indeed used for causing the aeroplane to make separate movements. This system of elementary instruction is not found to hinder the pilot from later co-ordinating the movements in such a way that his aircraft manœuvres smoothly.

The rudder and elevator of an aeroplane work in the same way as the rudder of a ship. If the rudder is turned to the right the aeroplane is caused to slew round to the right; if the elevator is tipped up the aeroplane is caused to put its nose up and climb. The opposite movements bring about the opposite results. The aircraft control of which there is no parallel in a ship is the lateral control. Even here, however, the rudder principle is employed rather in the manner of a ship's bow rudder. Two small parts of the rear edges of the wing tips are free to move up and down and are called the ailerons. When one aileron is depressed it causes that wing tip to rise and vice versa.

In the pilot's cockpit are two forms of levers with which rudder, elevator, and ailerons are moved. One lever consists in a vertical column, the "stick,"



The controls of an aeroplane.

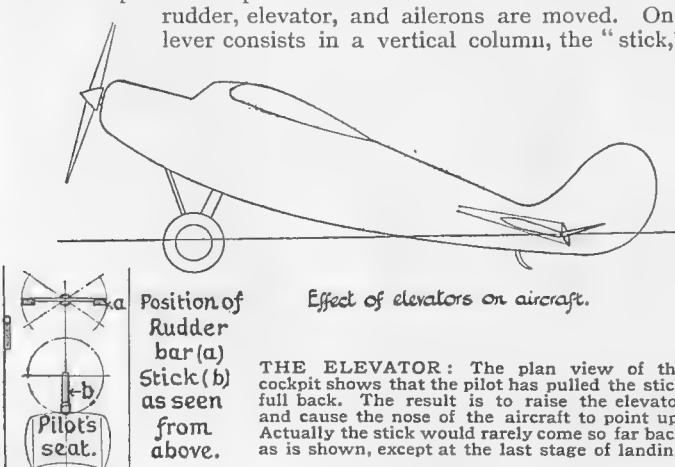
THE PILOT'S COCKPIT: The three master controls in an aeroplane are the control column or stick, the rudder bar and the engine throttle. The stick, as can be seen in the diagram, is mounted on a universal joint so that the top can be moved in any direction. It regulates the fore-and-aft and lateral attitudes of the aeroplane. The engine throttle is open when fully forward and closed when fully back

The controls of an aeroplane.

begin to blow on one cheek. This would indicate that the aeroplane was side-slipping.

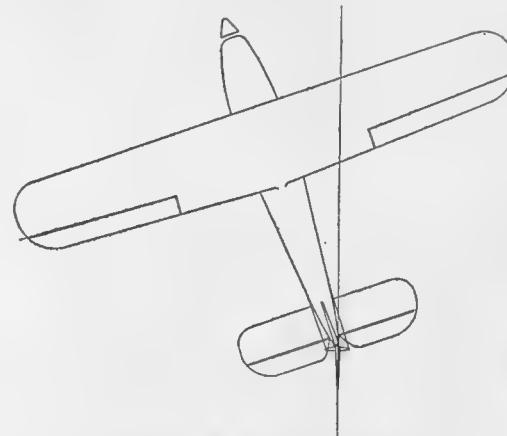
The side-slip is often a useful manœuvre when it is done intentionally, but when it is done unintentionally it is a sign of bad flying. It results in loss of speed, and speed is required in the air, for it is only by virtue of its speed that the aeroplane can fly. In order to make the right hand turn without side-slipping and losing speed the pilot will apply right rudder and will at the same time move the stick to the right and so apply right bank. If the amounts by which the two controls are applied are correctly proportioned the aeroplane will make the characteristic, smooth and gull-like banked turn.

In every turn, however, the aeroplane will probably tend either to climb or to dive a little, and if this tendency is to be checked a small amount of elevator must be applied as well. So that in the simplest turn all the controls are applied together. And this condition obtains in almost every manœuvre an aeroplane can do. Aeroplane are more concerned with the preservation of an attitude



Effect of elevators on aircraft.

THE ELEVATOR: The plan view of the cockpit shows that the pilot has pulled the stick full back. The result is to raise the elevator and cause the nose of the aircraft to point up. Actually the stick would rarely come so far back as is shown, except at the last stage of landing

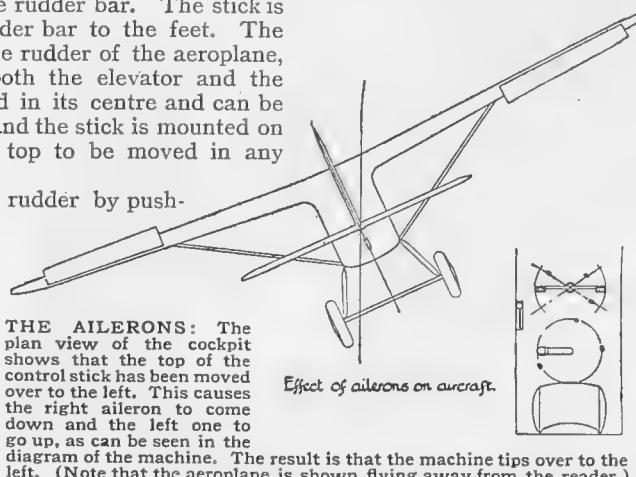


Effect of rudder on aircraft.

THE RUDDER: The plan view of the pilot's cockpit shows that the rudder bar has been pushed hard over with the left foot. The result will be to slew the aircraft round to the left. The rudder alone will not cause the aircraft to turn, for a turn is a combination of rudder and aileron: it will cause it to yaw, as is shown in the diagram

and the other in a horizontal bar, the rudder bar. The stick is convenient to the hand and the rudder bar to the feet. The rudder bar is concerned only with the rudder of the aeroplane, whereas the stick is concerned with both the elevator and the ailerons. The rudder bar is pivoted in its centre and can be pushed to right or left with the feet, and the stick is mounted on a universal joint which permits the top to be moved in any direction.

When in flight application of right rudder by pushing forward the right foot would cause the aeroplane to slew round to the right, but the result would not resemble a correct turn. For a correct turn bank has to be applied at the same time with the ailerons. Without bank the pilot would feel the strong gust of wind, which blows steadily directly on to his face all the time he is in the air, veer suddenly round to the side and



THE AILERONS: The plan view of the cockpit shows that the top of the control stick has been moved over to the left. This causes the right aileron to come down and the left one to go up, as can be seen in the diagram of the machine. The result is that the machine tips over to the left. (Note that the aeroplane is shown flying away from the reader.)

when once it has been assumed.

In the operation of landing, which is one of the manœuvres needing nice judgment and smooth use of the controls, the elevator is the major control, but the others are also employed to keep the aircraft level and straight. The elevator, as the aircraft approaches the ground, is eased gently further back, so that the aeroplane skims along over the ground, losing speed and assuming a steeper and steeper angle, until it has lost all flying speed, and drops a few inches on to the grass. At that moment, in the perfect landing, the elevator will be full up, and the control-stick full back.

'What—ME trust myself in an aeroplane ?'

'Those were my very words before I first went up'

SAYS CAPTAIN MAX FINDLAY



NFS stands for National Flying Services, the great private flying organization with a chain of air parks and club-houses covering the whole country. A member of one is a member of all. Headquarters: The Hanworth Club, the London Air Park, Feltham, Middlesex • NFS Clubs and Air Parks also at Reading, Nottingham, Leeds, Hull and Blackpool.

NFS

We start you off with an instructor who's taught hundreds of people like you. He flies the aeroplane—but your feet and your hands are on your own set of controls. You can FEEL—as well as see—exactly what he does. He's always there, watchful and ready to take charge. And after a very short time you find yourself doing the things he's doing—at exactly the right instant—instinctively. Until one amazing moment he looks round and laughs at you—'I suppose you know you've been flying this "bus" alone or the last twenty minutes!' Flying is as easy as that. Nothing frightening. Nothing except the thrill of being able to go where you like, and the route you like, faster than you could go in any other way. By joining NFS not only do you learn to fly—you have somewhere to fly to. There are NFS air parks up and down the country. You can do a lot of flying without being especially rich. Let us show you what we're doing to make flying easy, inexpensive and safe for people like you. Write for full particulars. Better still, come to Hanworth and see for yourself—any time you like.



A new era in aerial travel!

THE introduction by Imperial Airways, on their England-Continental routes, of a fleet of giant four-engined 38-passenger machines, will add a new delight to air travel. These new 'liners of the air' will save quarter of an hour between London and Paris, and will provide even greater comfort during the journey than ever before.

Higher speeds, with more luxury in equipment and a greater silence in flight, are the features of Imperial Airways policy this year.

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C.F.H.69

ROUND THE CAPITALS OF EUROPE

By Nigel Norman

THE period in which one is learning to fly is probably one of the most fascinating in one's life. The pupil, when he has reached that stage at which the aeroplane manœuvres at his will almost automatically, and when he can bank, turn, glide, sideslip, and land with as little effort as that of the bicyclist who turns a corner and draws up beside a pillar box, he has developed a new side to his nature.



MR. AND MRS. NIGEL NORMAN
Accepting a "vin d'honneur" on arrival at the Château d'Ardenne

He has acquired a power of locomotion unknown to earlier generations, and a fresh confidence which probably has its effect upon character itself.

But the next stage of his flying is perhaps equally interesting. The whole of Europe is now within his reach in a few hours' flying, and he can explore with a minimum of time and fatigue places which he might not otherwise visit in years of ordinary travelling. As an example, it may be interesting to describe a cruise which was organized for members of Heston exactly a year ago. Some twenty aeroplanes took part, all the property of private owners, most of whom had only a recent acquaintance with flying. The party flew independently, each pilot being responsible for his own navigation, and at the end of the tour there is no question that all were perfectly competent to undertake any aerial journey alone.

Leaving Heston at 10.30 in the morning, the first stop was Douai for lunch, where the party was enthusiastically received by a group of French private owners. In the afternoon Brussels was reached after a total flying time of a little over two hours. The capital of Belgium is a gay little city, and since then many members of the party have revisited it for the week-end to be spent there or at the beautiful Château d'Ardenne, now a luxurious country club forty miles away.

The next stage of the journey brought the party to the banks of the Rhine at Cologne, and the flight after lunch from there to Frankfurt showed this historic river to the best possible advantage. The little towns nestling under the steep banks, the terraced vine-yards, and a



SOME OF THE TWENTY-ONE MACHINES
Which took part in the Heston Spring cruise lined up before the start

succession of strange mediæval castles dominating every bend of the river, leave an impression not easily forgotten. The aerodrome at Frankfurt with its flower-decked public terrace and its group of old buildings, once an old farmhouse now converted as an air station, is particularly attractive. After a night in this rich and comfortable old town the party flew to Stuttgart, which made a charming midday halt in the journey to Friedrichshafen on the northern shore of Lake Constance. Here a day's wait had been planned in order to allow members of the cruise to visit and inspect the *Graf Zeppelin* in its hangar and the great *Dornier Do X*, then being prepared for its Atlantic flight. From this point, half the party, whose work compelled them to cut short their holiday, returned to England via Dijon and Paris.

An hour and a half's further flying brought us to Munich, and next day, one of the most fascinating of the cruise, we flew to the little town

(Continued on p. xx)

SELFRIFFE'S

for AIRCRAFT and EQUIPMENT

Our Aviation Department with its staff of Practical Flying Men can help in any sphere of Flying activity, offering expert advice on Long Distance Flights, Aerodromes, Machines, Instruction, Clothing, &c.

SPECIAL OFFER IN CONNECTION WITH THIS ISSUE

Messrs. Selfridge & Co., Ltd., offer to give a YEAR'S FREE THIRD PARTY INSURANCE to any of the Six Pupils originally selected at each Aerodrome who may purchase an Aeroplane through their Aviation Dept. before the end of 1931. This applies to both new and second-hand aircraft.

HIRE PURCHASE TERMS

DEPOSIT: 25% of Cash Value plus Insurance Premium.

BALANCE: plus 5%, payable by eleven equal Monthly Payments.



£1,175. PUSS MOTH. Gipsy III. engine; three-seater cabin Monoplane with a maximum speed of 128 m.p.h. and particularly suitable for fast touring for business or pleasure.



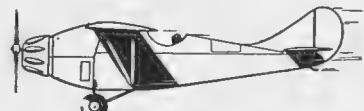
£695. GIPSY MOTH. Gipsy engine; two-seater Biplane with a maximum speed of 100 m.p.h. and an ideal all-purpose machine.



£825. SPORTS AVIAN. Cirrus Hermes II. engine; a two-seater Biplane with a maximum speed of 120 m.p.h. and a particularly good speed range.



£745. SPARTAN. A two or three-seater Biplane with a good all-round performance and an excellent take-off and climb combined with slow landing speed.



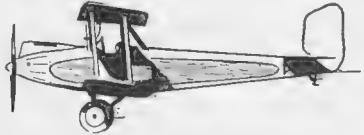
£525. POBJOY SWIFT. 75 h.p. Pobjoy engine; single-seater sports Monoplane with a maximum speed of 145 m.p.h. and ideal for the sportsman pilot.



£2,950. SEGRAVE METEOR. Two Gipsy III. engines; a four-seater high performance cabin Monoplane, designed for fast Continental and home touring.

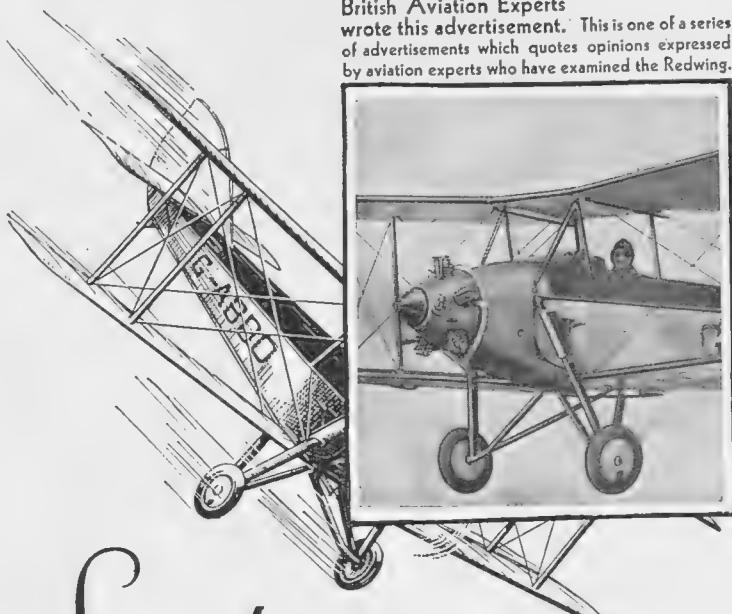


£650. ROBINSON REDWING. Genet 80 h.p.; a side-by-side two-seater Biplane with a maximum speed of 95 m.p.h. and very suitable for the private owner.



£595. BLACKBURN BLUEBIRD. Gipsy engine; a two-seater side-by-side Biplane with a maximum speed of 103 m.p.h. and a range of 360 miles.

British Aviation Experts wrote this advertisement. This is one of a series of advertisements which quotes opinions expressed by aviation experts who have examined the Redwing.



*Several
reasons
why*

Exceptionally Low Landing Speed

The Redwing has a low landing speed. Such a machine, other things being equal, should be usable on 50% more days every year in this country than a machine with high landing speed. From Oliver Stewart's "Air Eddies" page in the Tatler.

Quick Take-Off

E. H. Alliott recently wrote in "Airways": "I flew the Redwing in a fairly stiff wind at Croydon and became 'unstuck' considerably sooner than I expected. I thought at first the machine had merely bounced into the air, but it was a genuine effort, for the Redwing started climbing immediately."

Comfortable Side-by-Side Seating

The cockpit in the Redwing is very roomy and comfortable. The seats are arranged slightly staggered to give a good view forward and to give pilot and passenger plenty of elbow room. The view is very good all around.

From "The Aeroplane."

Write to REDWING AIRCRAFT CO. LTD., STAFFORD ROAD, CROYDON, SURREY, to-day for our new booklet.

Price £650 Standard Model
—or— £660 with dual-control

you should consider
REDWING

ROUND THE CAPITALS OF EUROPE—cont. from p. xviii

of Salzburg for lunch, and in the afternoon down the beautiful valley of the Danube, with its monasteries and castles, until the evening sunlight revealed the domes and spires of Vienna. From here it is only a little over an hour and a half's flying to Buda and Pest, but it was decided to adhere strictly to the programme, which allowed for the next halt at Prague.



A LUNCHEON TO THE HESTON CRUISERS IN BERLIN

A group taken at a luncheon given to the members of the Heston Spring Cruise, 1930, at the Aero-Club von Deutschland in Berlin. Between Mr. Nigel Norman and Mrs. Chalmers is the President of the Club; Mr. and Mrs. Parsifal, Miss Rosalind Norman; opposite them, Mr. Philip Noble, Captain von Hoepner, Mr. A. H. Downes-Shaw, Mr. J. Shand, and Mr. W. R. D. Perkins

From this fascinating town, half commerce, half history, it is an easy flight to Berlin, with Dresden as a convenient lunching-point. The journey from Berlin to Amsterdam is one of the least interesting of the Continental air routes. It is, however, marked by a number of admirable aerodromes which the magnificent German air organization provides for the aerial tourist's every want.

The party was particularly fortunate in that the last stage of the journey from Amsterdam was made at a time when the bulb fields of Holland were in their fullest beauty. There is no doubt that this strip of country, perhaps twenty miles long by five wide, provides one of the most extraordinary and beautiful sights in the world. The brilliant patch-work of colour is a feast to the eyes, and even at 2,000 ft. the scent of the hyacinths is easily appreciated.

The last stage of the cruise followed a lunch at Ostend, and the eleven aeroplanes which had completed the whole itinerary arrived punctually to scheduled time on the eleventh day after starting.



A FILM ACTRESS FLYER

Liane Haid, the former wife of Baron Heymerle, President of the Austrian Automobile Club, taken at the moment when she had received the news that she had had her pilot's certificate granted by Berlin. Liane Haid is one of the select band of Continental actresses possessing a certificate

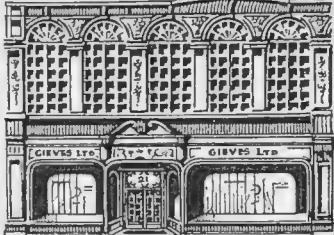
Of the 250 hours spent upon this holiday, only about twenty-eight were spent in flying, and at every stopping place there was ample time for sight-seeing and entertainment. There is no question that flying as a means of travel appeals to the man of leisure beyond all other, for by its use there is always more time available at the beginning and end of the journey, and even while flying there is no suggestion of hurry, so quietly does the country creep by beneath.

The actual cost of a holiday such as that described would compare very favourably with that of the same journey made by railway or car, and the fact that it could be easily covered in ten days undoubtedly puts it within the reach of many people who could not hope otherwise to voyage so far afield.



BY APPOINTMENT
Portsmouth
Southampton
Edinburgh
Liverpool
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1785



BY APPOINTMENT
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1931

21 OLD BOND STREET, 31 BURLINGTON ARCADE
LONDON W.I. **Gieves** LIMITED TAILORS HATTERS HOSIERS OUTFITTERS

Message from the Hon. Mrs. BRUCE

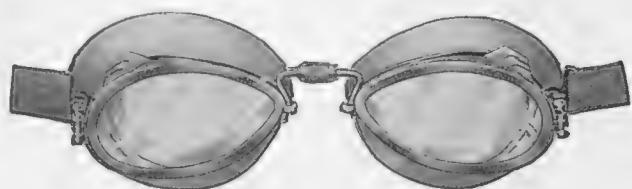
The various weights and materials of "Gieves" Flying Helmets which were necessary for me to have on my Flight round the World were the most comfortable I have ever used and I can highly recommend them.



"GIEVES"
FLYING
HELMETS



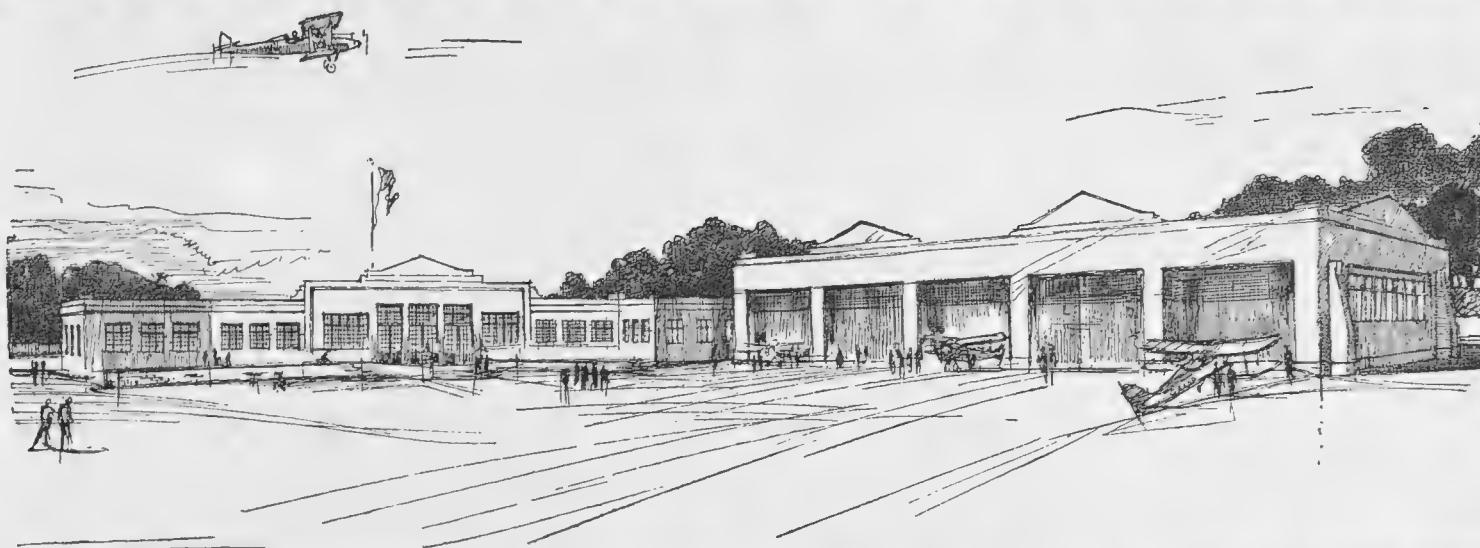
Black and Brown with Attachments for D.H. Phone 30/-
Pale Blue and Red with Attachments for D.H. Phone 32/6
Complete with Phones 12/- extra.



Meyrowitz New Pattern "Number Ten" Lux or Goggles with flat safety glass lenses worn and approved as the 'perfect goggle' by the late Sir Henry Segrave, 45/-

OUTFITTERS TO THE ROYAL AIR FORCE

INDIVIDUAL TUITION



THE DE HAVILLAND SCHOOL OF FLYING
 HATFIELD AERODROME · HERTS. Telephone HATFIELD 250
"18 Miles from Charing Cross on Barnet Bypass Road"

CASTROL AGAIN!



Reproduced by courtesy of "Flight"

Messieurs Bossoutrot and Rossi cabled to us from Oran, Algeria on March 2nd:

"Time record beaten and brought to 75 hours 23 mins. also distance record brought to 8805 kilometres THANKS TO EXTRAORDINARY QUALITIES OF CASTROL which assured us a perfect and economical lubrication of our 600 h.p. HISPANO mounted on BLERIOT machine. Consumption 45 kilograms—we thank you and CONGRATULATE YOU FOR HAVING MADE POSSIBLE SUCH RESULTS."

Bossoutrot and Rossi.
 (Subject to homologation)



WORLD'S CLOSED CIRCUIT
 DISTANCE & DURATION
 RECORDS BROKEN ON
WAKEFIELD
CASTROL
the Conqueror of the Atlantic

EARLY DAYS OF FLYING—continued from p. vii

descent of the half-ton weight, shot you down the rail, at the end of which you had acquired about 45 m.p.h. speed, and you were expected to dash into the air and fly. This manœuvre was exceedingly alarming and extraordinarily difficult, and I think would tax the ability of many first-class pilots even to-day.

You must remember that the pilot was sitting out in the open on the front edge of the lower plane, and if one did get up to 300-400 ft. the situation was extremely alarming as those early machines had no stabilizing tail and were consequently extremely unstable fore and aft, and there was nothing to hold on to except the fore and aft elevator and side control lever. It always seemed to me that once you got into a cockpit everything seemed much safer.

There were, however, many advantages of flying skid machines rather than wheel machines, as you could actually fly your machines with the engine full on right on to the ground and glue it there with such force as to stop, in spite of the fact that the engines were running full out. Such a manœuvre done on a wheel machine would send it head over heels very smartly.

Flight improved by virtue of the engine power that became available, and nothing contributed so much to this as the rotary type of engine known as the "Gnome." In this the actual cylinders revolved, and although it drank petrol and lubricating oil to an alarming degree it certainly had a modicum of reliability which was absent from most of the other air engines. It was also light for the power it gave. Even then this engine would not have been the success it was had it not been for the use of castor oil instead of lubricating oil. Castor oil has the peculiarity, unlike ordinary oil, of becoming stickier the hotter it gets, so that it was not all thrown out of the exhaust valves in the first few minutes.

It cannot be too much impressed upon the modern expert how lacking in scientific assistance were the early pioneers. At present behind aviation is a vast army of highly-trained scientists who know the exact performance of machines before they are ever built. They all grew up during the War when the whole resources of the nation, both in brains and money, were concentrated on the development of the science; but the early days were still, I consider, the more attractive, in view of the astonishing uncertainty of everything, and the charm of those early enthusiasts who believed so firmly in the future of a movement that has now become an industry—a movement that will bring about still greater changes in the near future in transportation throughout the world.

THE WOMAN PILOT—continued from p. xi

perhaps exceptionally quick time, but even if another hour were added, think of the saving in time compared to a similar journey by train and boat.

Once in Paris many interesting places are within easy reach by air. Bordeaux, Biarritz, the warm sunshine of Spain, then along the coast of the Mediterranean, Cannes, Nice, into Italy, up to Germany, and home via Holland and Belgium. No tiring railway journeys, no bad roads.

In England the woman pilot will find her machine very useful, instead of the tedious cross-country railway journeys. Take the journey from Manchester to Southampton, it would be, on an average, about two hours by air, but about seven or eight hours by rail. On a hot summer day I can leave the heat and smoke of Manchester and be swimming in the sea in about half-an-hour. Most of the important functions cater for aerial visitors. At the Grand National last year a young man with a very new aeroplane was inquiring the way to London as one might ask for a post office. On receiving the rather vague information that it was "in that direction," he set off apparently satisfied! It would have been interesting to know where he finally arrived, or for that matter how he ever got to Aintree in the first place. As you fly over the crowds at Aintree and look down at streams of cars and congested traffic on the roads, you wonder why more people do not come by air. Another attractive feature in summer months are the various air pageants held all over the country and at which the woman pilot is always welcome. There one meets many old friends, there are competitions, races, and usually very enjoyable entertainments in the evenings. Similar pageants are held abroad and are well worth visiting as machines and pilots of many nationalities take part. Racing in the air is a wonderful sport; flying low as one does, a sense of speed is more apparent, and as the machine speeds through the air "all out" there is certainly an extra thrill.

Racing may appear the most dangerous part of flying; the additional strain on the engine and possibility of failure, necessitating a forced landing from a low altitude, are factors to consider, but aero engines to-day are very reliable, and one rarely hears of a serious accident due to racing.

Who can blame woman for her enthusiasm for such a sport? Flying is indeed a fascinating hobby. As a profession, however, I am afraid there are few openings for a woman at present, as in every trade jobs are not easily found in the aviation world to-day, and many experienced pilots coming out of the Air Force are faced with this difficulty. The woman pilot has not the intensive training of these men; she has also to fight that old prejudice against entrusting our bodily safety to a woman, no matter what her profession.



fly to BLACKPOOL THE NEW AIR PORT

BATHING

In Britain's Best Bath—an immense elliptical Open-air building with 574 separate cubicles and sunbathing platform.



TENNIS

Over 50 Municipal Courts in addition to Putting and Bowling Greens, Boating Lakes, Sailing, Yachting, etc.



GOLF

Five 18-hole Courses within easy reach of any district. Blackpool offers unequalled Sports facilities.



THREE PIERS

Magnificent Ballrooms and numerous Theatres give ample choice for indoor entertainment.



DANCING

Blackpool is Charming in Spring, Glorious in Summer, Delightful in Autumn and just as Good in Winter

Blackpool—a new world of health, a new sphere of entertainment—planned on a majestic scale, essentially modern, clean, fresh and vigorous—Blackpool becomes more enchanting each year. It offers many diversions—extensive promenades and Cliff Walks, quiet retreats, attractive shops, numerous outlets of unequalled interest for the Motorist, and every conceivable outdoor entertainment and indoor amusement. In addition, the Air, the Sea and the Sun are there in unusual abundance.



Blackpool has one of the Finest Municipal Aerodromes in the Country, complete with Palatial Club-house, etc., etc.

BLACKPOOL IS WITHOUT EQUAL IN THE WORLD

7 Miles of Golden Sands. Tonic breezes from the Atlantic. 5 Golf Courses. Britain's Best Swimming Bath. Cinemas. Aerodrome. The beautiful Stanley Park. Good Hotels.

A 5½-mile Promenade Window. 3 Piers. 50 Tennis Courts. Ballrooms. Theatres. Tower, Olympia. Pleasure Beach, etc. Good Hydros.

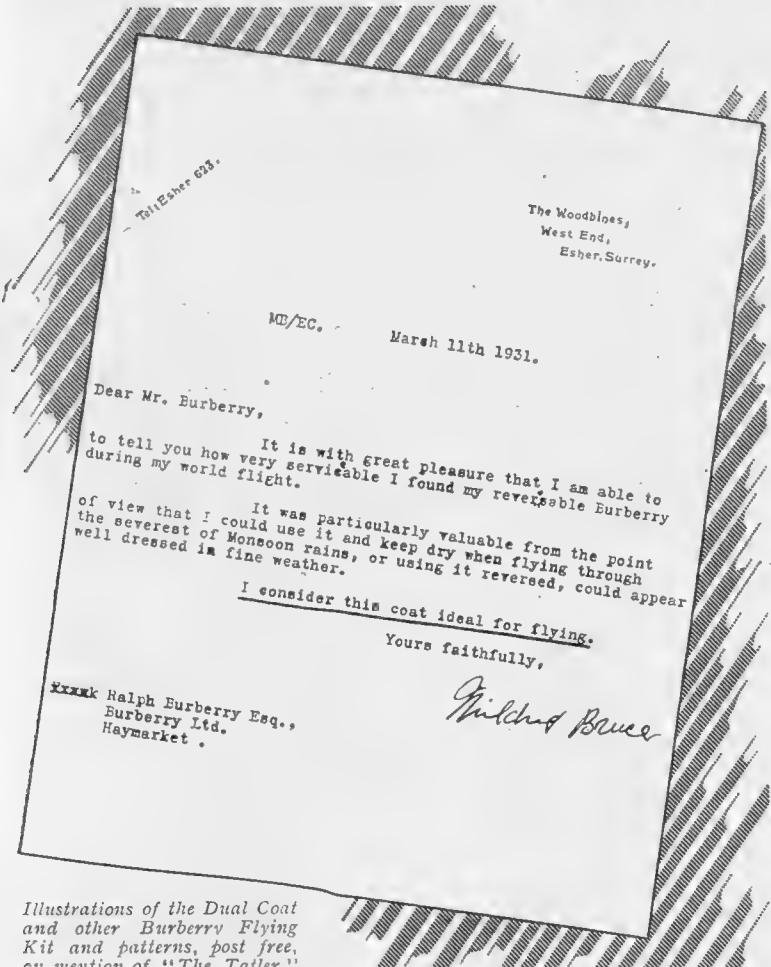
Send for Copiously Illustrated Guide

A photogravure book showing and describing, in detail, Blackpool's unrivalled attractions and the easily accessible hinterland of sylvan scenes and wind-swept moors, will be sent post paid upon application to Director of Publicity, Dept. 47, Town Hall, Blackpool.



The Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce arriving at Tachikawa Aerodrome, wearing the reversible Dual Burberry she used during her Round the World Flight.

THE IDEAL COAT FOR FLYING



Illustrations of the Dual Coat and other Burberry Flying Kit and patterns, post free, on mention of "The Tatler."

THE DUAL BURBERRY

WARMTH-GIVING OVERCOAT & RELIABLE WEATHERPROOF
Instantly reversed from one to the other by simply turning the coat inside-out.

BURBERRYS LTD. HAYMARKET S.W.1



AIR SERVICE TRAINING LTD.

HAMBLE, SOUTHAMPTON

THIS new school for land and sea service flying has the full approval of the British Air Ministry.

STAFFED with expert ex-service instructors and equipped with modern aircraft, it aims at providing the most modern, complete and authoritative flying training in the world for service, civilian and private pilots of any nationality.

THE school offers the following programme:

1. Course for "ab initio" foreign Service Pupils.
2. Course of Blind Flying for Service or Civilian Pilots.
3. Combined Course of "ab initio" and Blind Flying.
4. Course for Instructors.
5. Course for Private Pilots who desire to fly and maintain their own aircraft.
6. Course for Commercial Pilots (including Blind Flying).
7. Seaplane Course for Service or Civilian Pilots.

A FULL preliminary prospectus in English, French, German or Spanish will be sent post free on request.

KEY.

- (a) Name of aerodrome and locality.
- (b) Type of aerodrome or landing ground.
- (c) Distance from London.
- (d) Facilities.

AMSTERDAM

(a) Schiphol, 6 miles S.W. of Amsterdam; (b) civil customs aerodrome; (c) 253 miles; (d) hangars, petrol, and oil, met., R/T and repairs, restaurant.

AVIGNON

(a) Pujaut, 4 miles N.W. of Avignon; (b) civil and military landing ground; (c) 590 miles; (d) petrol and oil available, military hangar, telephone.

BARCELONA

(a) Prat, 8 miles S.W. by S. of Barcelona, near sea shore; (b) naval aerodrome, customs for civil aircraft by arrangement; (c) 756 miles; (d) petrol and oil available, hangars, met.

BASLE

(a) Birsfelden, on the eastern outskirts of the town on south bank of Rhine; (b) military and civil customs aerodrome; (c) 431 miles; (d) petrol, oil, hangars, R/T, met., telephone.

BERLIN

(a) Templehof, 2 miles S. of the centre of Berlin; (b) civil customs aerodrome; (c) 589 miles; (d) every conceivable facility.

BERNE

(a) Bern, 3 miles S.W. of town; (b) military and civil customs aerodrome; (c) 453 miles; (d) petrol, oil, hangars, met., telephone.

BIARRITZ

(a) Biarritz, 1½ miles S.E. of Biarritz; (b) civil customs aerodrome; (c) 626 miles; (d) petrol and oil available, hangars.

BLACKPOOL

(a) Stanley Park, 1½ miles E. by S. of Blackpool pier, E. of Stanley Park; (b) licensed civil landing ground available for public use, limited to class A aircraft; (c) 204 miles; (d) petrol in pumps and oil are available, hangar and repair facilities.

BORDEAUX

(a) Teynac, 6 miles W. of Bordeaux; (b) military and civil customs aerodrome; (c) 519 miles; (d) petrol and oil, hangars, met. and R/T are available.

BREMEN

(a) Bremen, 2 miles S. by W. of Bremen; (b) civil aerodrome; (c) 421 miles; (d) petrol and oil available. Hangars, met.

BRIGHTON

(a) Shoreham, 8 miles W. of Brighton and 1 mile W. of Shoreham-by-Sea; (b) private licensed aerodrome restricted to Avro 504K and similar types; (c) 45 miles; (d) petrol in pumps and oil available. Hangar and repair facilities.

BRISTOL

(a) Whitchurch, 3 miles S. by E. of Bristol and 1½ W.N.W. of Whitchurch; (b) licensed civil aerodrome available for public use; (c) 115 miles; (d) petrol in pumps and oil available. Hangars and repair facilities. Restaurant on the aerodrome.

BRUSSELS

(a) Haaren, 4 miles N.E. of centre of Brussels; (b) military and civil customs aerodrome; (c) 198 miles; (d) petrol and oil available. Hangars, met., R/T, and repairs.

BUDAPEST

(a) Matyásföld, 9 miles E. of Budapest; (b) civil customs aerodrome; (c) 883 miles; (d) petrol, oil, hangars, W/T, met., telephone, repairs.

CALAIS

(a) St. Inglevert, 5½ miles S.W. of Calais; (b) civil customs aerodrome; (c) 100 miles; (d) petrol, oil, hangar, met., R/T, tel.

CARCASSONNE

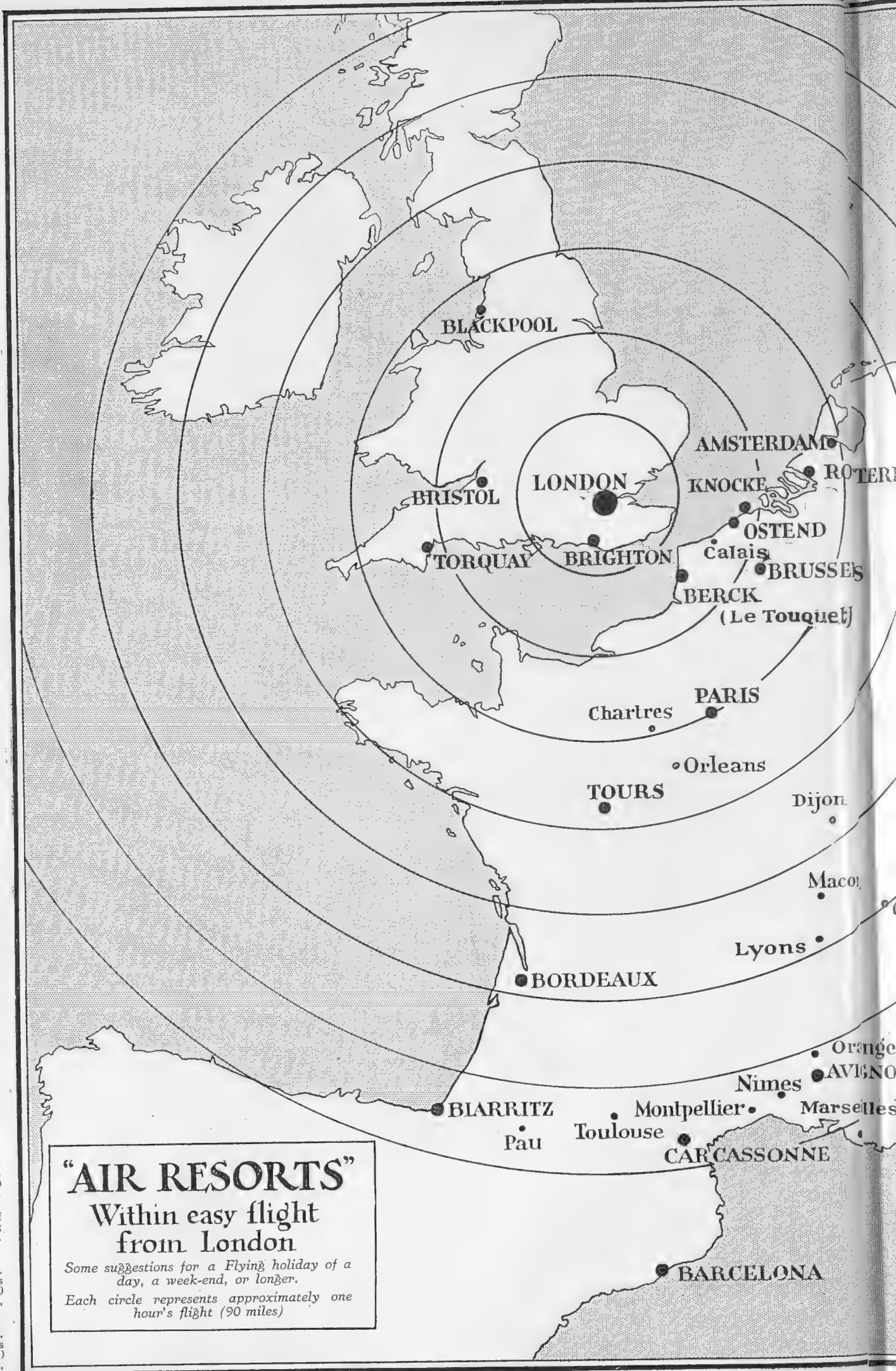
(a) Carcassonne, 2 miles W. of town; (b) civil landing ground; (c) 621 miles; (d) no petrol or oil. Hangar. Telephone.

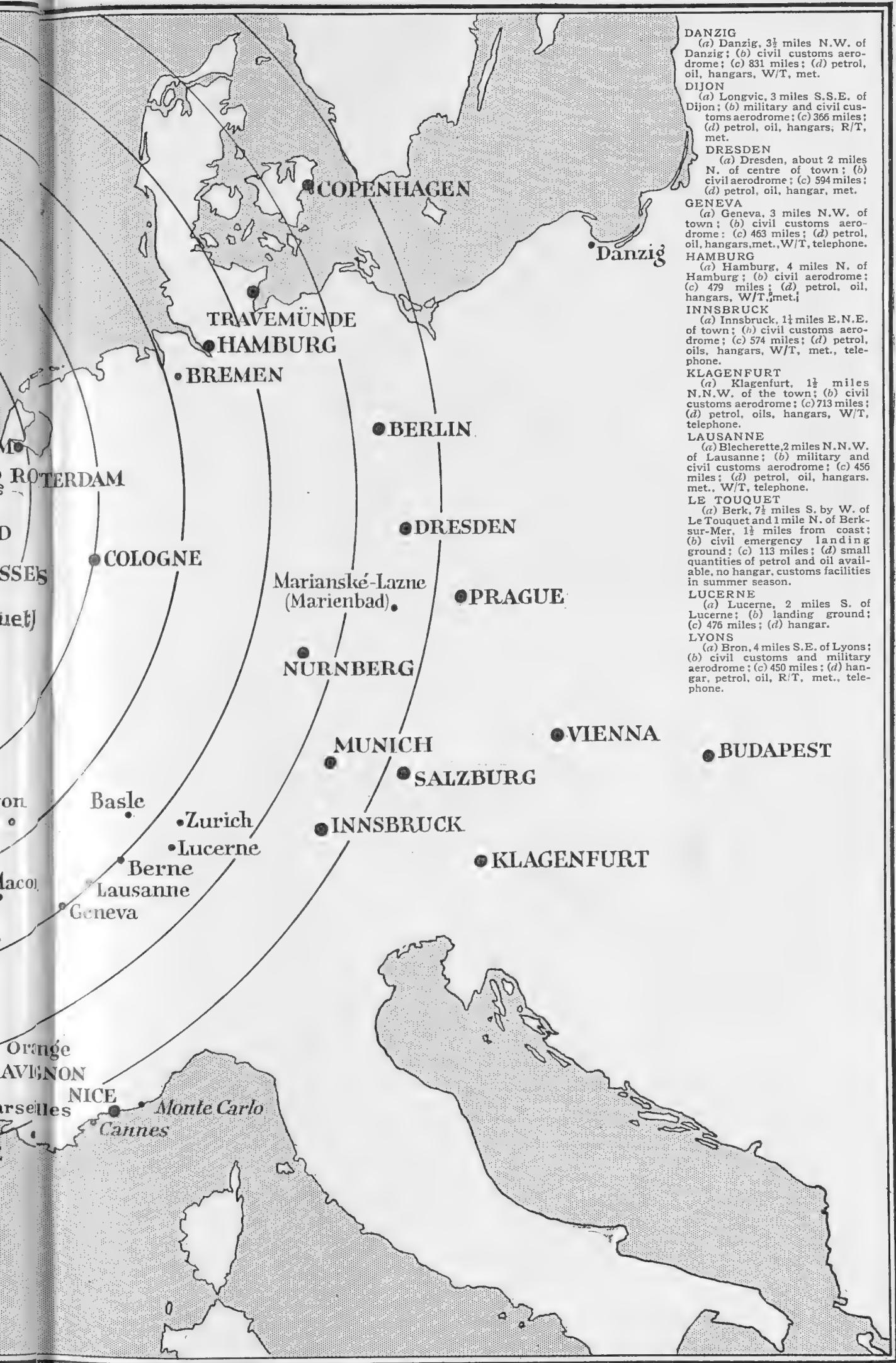
COLOGNE

(a) Bickendorf, 4½ miles N.W. of Cologne; (b) civil customs aerodrome; (c) 304 miles; (d) petrol and oil, hangars, met., R/T, and repairs.

COPENHAGEN

(a) Kastrup, 4½ miles S.S.E. of Copenhagen; (b) civil customs aerodrome; (c) 641 miles; (d) petrol, oil, hangars, W/T, met., telephone.





FLYING NOTES

Miss Mabel Poulton, the well-known English film star, recently added to her achievements by taking up flying. She flew to Norwich Aerodrome as the guest of THE TATLER, and was entertained by the Norfolk and Norwich Aero Club. Mr. Bunning, the club's instructor, gave her a short instructional flight, and as a result she has become an enthusiastic airwoman. Miss Poulton is determined, if possible, to obtain a TATLER trial flying lesson, and, naturally, hopes that she may be one of the lucky ones to win a scholarship course of instruction. By a strange coincidence her sister, Miss Fay Poulton, who is in *Stand Up and Sing*, at the Hippodrome, had her first flight on the same day, and is equally enthusiastic. Miss Poulton's flying experiences were made the subject of a film, which will be shown all over the country in connection with that wonderful epic of the air, *The Dawn Patrol*.

* * *

Armstrong-Siddeley Motors, Ltd., are exhibiting at the Stockholm Exhibition, which will be held on May 15 to May 31, where their Jaguar Major or Panther, Lynx and Double Mongoose engines will be on view. The Jaguar Major or Panther engine is a more powerful edition of the Jaguar, and is rated at 500 h.p. It is standardized with reduction gear, and either with geared fan or supercharger. It is of such compact design that although the bore of the 14-cylinders is $\frac{1}{4}$ -in. greater than that in the Jaguar, the weight and overall diameter are very little greater. This engine is being fitted to a number of the latest type British aircraft, and is also fitted to the Fairey 3F now being demonstrated by the Fleet Air Army at Buenos Aires.

The Lynx engine is a 7-cylinder radial of 215 h.p. It has been very widely used, particularly in the Fokker machines operated by K.L.M. and K.N.I.L.M. in the Dutch East Indies. It is also used by the

Ad-Astra Air Lines for powering Fokker machines which make regular sightseeing trips over the Alps. This engine can be obtained either in plain, geared, or supercharged form, so that its alternatives cover a wide range of application.

The recent launching of the first monoplane coupé by the Civilian Aircraft Company, Ltd., may be said to have inaugurated the airport of Hull as a centre for the manufacture of aircraft. The company owes its existence to Sir Benjamin Dawson, Bart., of Bradford and York, with whom are associated his son, Mr. Lawrence S. Dawson, and Mr. H. D. Boulbee, a designer of wide experience. Originally it was established at Burton-on-Trent, but as the construction of amphibian machines is in contemplation a change was made to Hull. The works adjoin the municipal aerodrome and are in close proximity to the Humber, an ideal site in all respects. The Civilian coupé is intended for the owner-pilot, and the machine, which Lady Dawson christened by breaking a bottle of champagne over the spinner of the propeller, is the outcome of designs on which Mr. Boulbee has been working since 1926. It has already done thirty hours' flying, covering a distance of 3,000 miles on a petrol consumption of $6\frac{1}{2}$ gallons per hour. The designer has succeeded in securing all the advantages of comfort and good visibility for pilot and passenger, combined with ease of maintenance and economy of upkeep. An Armstrong-Siddeley engine of 100 h.p. gives a cruising speed of 100 miles per hour, with a top speed of about 115 miles. The wing span is $35\frac{1}{2}$ ft., and the length $19\frac{1}{2}$ ft. The wings are folding, being hinged to a centre section mounted above the fuselage, which is built mainly of wood. No fabric is used, the fuselage, wings, tail, etc., being covered with three-ply. Having launched the machine and wished prosperity to the new company, Lady Dawson was the first to take a flight, piloted by her son.



MISS MABEL POULTON

Who has lately been converted to flying. She flew from Heston to Norwich the other day, and then took part in the making of an aviation film for the First National Pathé, Ltd. (Above) An admirer adjusting Miss Poulton's flying helmet

YOU CAN LAND WITHIN \star 6 MILES OF BRITAIN'S MOST BEAUTIFUL GUEST HOUSE

★ On request car will meet your plane at Haldon (S. Devon) Aerodrome—6 miles from Torquay.

**THIS YEAR
FLY TO THE PALACE
HOTEL TORQUAY**

Come to the Palace by air this year! Golf, tennis, croquet, bowls, squash, badminton, swimming, gymnasium, dancing, cinema, entertainments are all included in the terms. Bedrooms with bathrooms, or private suites are available. Write for 50-photograph Brochure now!



Can I fly an Autogiro?

Yes, under "The Tatler" Flying Scheme (see page xxviii) you can have the enviable experience of flying the Autogiro, as a student flier, without charge.

Apart from the privilege of handling the controls of this remarkable safety aircraft, no other machine is better adapted for learning to fly. The controls are exactly the same as for an orthodox aircraft, and work in the same way. *But it is impossible for a mistake to be dangerous in an Autogiro.* Whatever error you commit, the freely revolving wings will continue to sustain you. Learning to fly on an Autogiro, indeed, is easier than learning to drive a car.



Write for details to—

CIERVA
AUTOGIRO

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BUSH HOUSE, ALDWYCH, LONDON, W.C.2.

TELEPHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2561

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We have produced a comprehensive collection of Aviation Suits, etc., which have been put to very severe and extensive tests to prove their airworthiness and ability to withstand the extremes of atmosphere met with in flying.

THE "HAMBLE" FLYING SUIT

Substantially Tailored in flame-proof material with Zip fasteners fitted to front and sleeves. Ready for service in graded sizes in fawn and slate, or made to order in any colour. PRICE

5 gns.



AVIATION BOOTS

Uppers of stout woolled sheepskin covered on lower part with crêpe rubber affording warmth and ample protection under all conditions. The studded soles are light and extremely flexible. Finished with Zip fastener front.

Price per pair

59/6



AVIATION OVERBOOTS

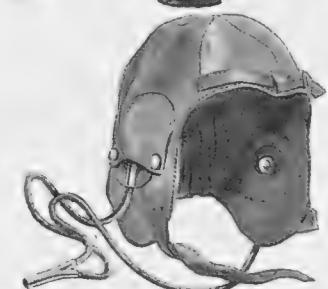
Made to slip on over ordinary shoes or boots, lined with thick lambswool, light weight crêpe rubber soles.

In tan leather.

Price per pair

50/-

In fawn box cloth. Price per pair 57/6



THE "ALTI" HELMET

Lined Chamois only, this helmet is very suitable for spring or summer flying. Ear covers adapted for 'phones with snap button pocket. PRICE

17/6

Earphones 7/6 extra.

Write for illustrated catalogue "Clothes for Aviation."

GAMAGES
HOLBORN, E.C.1

Telephone: HOLBORN 8484



YOUR PRIVATE AIR-LINE . . .

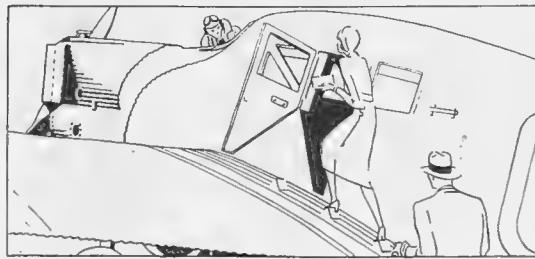
What is this new flying service which, to distinguish it from any other, we call a *personal* service?

It is a service that is available to transport you, or your party, by air, from anywhere to anywhere, in luxurious and fast cabin machines. In effect, it is your own private air-line.

The pilots, chosen first for skill and experience, are able also to act as couriers or companions if need be. Both pilot and machine are at your sole and complete disposal

Write, 'phone or wire for estimate of any trip or cruise you may have in mind. Possibly a tour of the best golf courses would interest you.

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Record Breaking Kit

Austin Reed Flying Kit has been chosen for several record breaking flights.

The many improvements and refinements embodied in each item are due to the expert advice and co-operation of several world-famous pilots.

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TRIAL FLYING LESSONS

LEARN TO FLY AT OUR EXPENSE

To-day THE TATLER is able to announce the most amazing offer which any newspaper has ever made to its readers. Briefly, we are giving you the chance of LEARNING TO FLY at our expense.

Flying, of course, is already well established as a means of transport, and we believe that in a comparatively short time many of our readers will be private aircraft owners. There are, however, still a certain number of people who have not yet realized fully the tremendous advances which aviation has made in the last few years, and who have not experienced the fascinating simplicity of flying an aeroplane. It is for the benefit of these people that we have arranged with over twenty aerodromes in various parts of the country to give a large number of trial flying lessons to our readers. These first lessons are charged to THE TATLER and no cost falls upon our readers, except that of transporting themselves to the nearest aerodrome; but what makes the scheme so especially attractive is that every single reader who has one of these trial lessons has the chance of being selected as the most promising pupil at that particular aerodrome, and thus of qualifying for a complete course of instruction at our expense.

Obviously there must be some limit to the number of lessons which we can give, and applications therefore will be dealt with in order of receipt up to the limit. There are, however, a sufficient number at each aerodrome to make it reasonably possible for any reader who applies at once to obtain one.

All you have to do is to turn to the form on page 3 inside the back cover of this issue, and having completed it to go to the nearest aerodrome, shown on the list overleaf, and there ask for the trial lesson. When you have had this you are automatically entered for the chance of the full course of instruction. This will be arranged in the following way:

In the first place, the six most promising TATLER readers at each aerodrome will be selected, and will be asked to take a single hour's instruction at their own expense at the usual rates. The final winner will then be chosen from these six. Selection will be in the hands of the club (or school), whose decision will be final. If you have never flown you do not know how thrilling and interesting it is. Don't hesitate; you may have the makings of a good pilot, and may easily turn out to be the winner at your aerodrome.

It has been arranged with the Cierva Autogiro Co., Limited, and the authorities at Heston and Hanworth that readers of THE TATLER who so desire may take their trial lesson at these two aerodromes on an Autogiro machine, subject to the general conditions of the scheme.

SPECIAL OFFER.

Messrs. Selfridges offer to give a year's free third-party insurance to any of the six pupils originally selected at each aerodrome who may purchase an aeroplane through their Aviation Department before the end of 1931. This applies both to new and second-hand aircraft.

Fill up the form now, get out the car, and go down to the aerodrome right away.

SPECIAL NOTE: Forms are not to be sent to THE TATLER office, but must be presented at one of the aerodromes on the list.

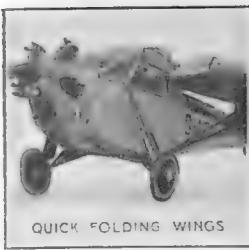
The winners will be announced in THE TATLER as soon as possible after the closing date, May 20.



THE CIVILIAN COUPÉ Designed for YOU the Owner Pilot!

Every feature that the owner-pilot can possibly desire is embodied in this new light aeroplane. The Civilian Coupé gives greater degrees of comfort and sociability than were hitherto possible in most aircraft. Flying becomes no more a matter of discomfort . . . ordinary clothes, no flying kit . . . side-by-side seating in a totally enclosed coupé saloon. Just as the motorist would seek every comfort and utility in his new car, so will he find that the Civilian Coupé is the ideal private aircraft . . . saloon accommodation, safety, speed, yet definitely an economical machine to maintain . . . From £650

Write for details to:—
**CIVILIAN AIRCRAFT
CO., LTD.**
AIRPORT OF HULL, HEDON, YORKS



Miss Winifred Spooner

writes:—"I should like to tell you what a high opinion I have of Waterman's pen, for after having been immersed in sea-water for a matter of four hours, and being left for a further six hours in a water-logged haversack, this pen was still as good as new, and wrote without receiving any attention whatsoever."

See latest coloured models:

Lady Patricia, 21/- Patrician (for men), 42/-
Each in five colours. No. 94 (three colours), 25/-

Of Stationers, Jewellers & Stores. The Pen Book Free.

L. G. Sloan, Ltd., The Pen Corner, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

Waterman's

WHERE YOU CAN FLY UNDER "THE TATLER" SCHEME

The following clubs and schools have agreed to co-operate in THE TATLER Scheme, and a certain number of trial lessons are available for our readers at each of them on presentation of the Application Form, which will be found printed inside the back cover of this issue:

Airwork School of Flying,
Heston Air Park,
Hounslow

The Airwork School of Flying is situated at the Heston Air Park, on the Great West Road, an aerodrome designed and run expressly for the private flyer. Mr. H. N. St. T. Norman and Mr. F. A. I. Muntz are directors of Heston Air Park, and Captain Baker is the chief instructor of the school. Sixty-five pupils are now under instruction, and the Heston membership is 550.

Berks, Bucks, and Oxon Aero Club,
Reading Aerodrome,
Woodley, Berks

The Berks, Bucks, and Oxon Aero Club trained twenty-five pupils for "A" licences last year and flew 1,348 hours. Mr. J. B. Wilson is chief pilot. The club is one of the National Flying Services group.

Blackpool and Fylde
Aero Club,
Stanley Park,
Blackpool

The Blackpool and Fylde Aero Club is a comparatively recent formation. It is one of the National Flying Services clubs, and during 1930, when it began operations, it flew 105 hours. It was operating from July 10.

Bristol and Wessex
Aeroplane Club,
Whitchurch Aerodrome, Bristol

The Bristol and Wessex Club was founded in 1927, and has as president Lord Apsley. The manager is Captain L. P. Winters, and the membership is over 400. The aerodrome is the new Bristol Airport, and the club possesses five aeroplanes. It trained twenty-five pilots in 1930.

Brooklands School of Flying, Weybridge

Captain H. D. Davis is head of the Brooklands School of Flying. Other instructors are Mr. E. A. Jones and Mr. Lowdell. The Brooklands Aero Club, of which Mr. C. S. Burney is secretary, works in conjunction with the school.

Cinque Ports Flying Club, Lympne, Kent

The Cinque Ports Flying Club was founded in 1928, and has as president Lord Beauchamp. The total membership is small, but there is a high proportion of flying members, and 1,252 hours were flown during 1930. The hon. secretary is Mr. Dallas Brett.

De Havilland School of Flying, Hatfield, Herts

The De Havilland School of Flying was founded in 1920 with one aeroplane, and has now grown to be one of the largest civilian flying training organizations in the British Empire. The school has flown more than 25,000 hours, and over 1,000 pupils have been taught there. Hatfield Aerodrome is alongside the junction of the Barnet by-pass and the Hatfield-St. Albans road.

Haldon School of Flying, Haldon Aerodrome, Teignmouth

The Haldon School of Flying is under Mr. W. R. Parkhouse, who established the aerodrome in 1928. The school is part of the Agra Engineering Company, of which Mr. Parkhouse is managing director. The aerodrome is next to a golf course.

Hampshire Aeroplane Club, Hamble Aerodrome, Southampton

The Hampshire Aeroplane Club was founded in 1926, and has as its president Lord Louis Mountbatten. The club possesses five aeroplanes and a membership of more than 400. The chief instructor is Mr. V. H. Dudley, and the secretary is Mr. H. J. Harrington. The club flew more than 2,000 hours in 1930.

The Hanworth Club, London Air Park, Feltham, Middlesex

The Hanworth Club, which is the National Flying Services headquarters, is situated near Twickenham in perfect surroundings, with a tree-shaded area in the middle of the aerodrome where the club house stands. Flight-Lieutenant M. Findlay is chief instructor. Mr. G. E. F. Boyes is general manager of National Flying Services, whose total membership, all affiliated clubs included, is 1,744.

Hull Aero Club,
Hull Municipal Aerodrome, Hedon, Yorks

Sir Arthur J. Atkinson is president of the Hull Aero Club, which is associated with National Flying Services, Ltd. During 1930 the Hull Club trained twelve pilots and flew more than 894 hours.

(Continued overleaf)

WHERE YOU CAN FLY UNDER "THE TATLER" SCHEME—*continued from p. xxix*

Lancashire Aero Club,
Woodford Aerodrome,
Manchester

The Lancashire Aero Club was founded 1922. Its president is Lord Wakefield, and it has five aeroplanes including one Sports Avian. The membership is nearly 300, and no fewer than twenty-eight "A" licences were obtained in 1930. The chief instructor is Mr. D. E. Hall, and the secretary, Captain H. M. Burgess.

Leicester Aero Club,
Desford Aerodrome,
Leicester

The Leicestershire Aero Club owes much to its president, Mr. Lindsay Everard, M.P. The chief instructor is Mr. S. M. Thomas, with Mr. S. Brown and Mr. R. H. S. Brown as joint hon. secretaries. The club has a total membership, flying and non-flying, of more than 900, and it possesses four aircraft.

Liverpool and District
Aero Club, Hooton
Park, Liverpool

The Liverpool and District Aero Club has Sir Frederick Bowring as president. The secretary is Captain J. Ellis, and the instructor Mr. G. Clapham. The membership is about 300. The club owns five aeroplanes and trained twenty-one pilots in 1930.

London Aeroplane
Club, Stag Lane,
Edgware

The London Aeroplane Club is one of the largest flying clubs. It was founded in 1925 and was opened by Sir Philip Sassoon. The secretary is Commander Harold Perrin and Major H. G. Travers is the chief instructor. The club has seven aeroplanes and will probably increase the number to eight this year. The London Club is one of the most active and has done the highest average flying hours per aeroplane during 1930.

Midland Aero Club,
Castle Bromwich
Aerodrome, Birming-
ham

The Midland Aero Club was founded in 1909, though not then in exactly its present form. The president is Sir Gilbert Vyle, and the hon. secretary, Major Gilbert Dennison. Mr. W. H. Sutcliffe is the chief instructor and the club has four aeroplanes and a membership of over 400.

Newcastle-on-Tyne
Aero Club, Cramlington
Aerodrome,
Newcastle

The Newcastle-on-Tyne Aero Club has Sir Joseph Reed as president. The club owns three aeroplanes. The hon. secretary is Captain J. H. Boyd.

Norfolk and Norwich
Aero Club, Household
Aerodrome, Norwich

The Norfolk and Norwich Aero Club was founded in 1927, and the president is Mr. H. N. Holmes. Commander G. Stuart, R.N., is the secretary, and the membership is over 400.

Northamptonshire
Aero Club, Sywell
Aerodrome,
Northampton

The Northamptonshire Aero Club was founded in 1928, the president being Lord Spencer. The club has three Gipsy Moth aeroplanes, and its aerodrome is situated between Northampton and Wellingborough. The chief instructor is Mr. E. F. Palmer and the secretary Mr. P. G. Hayward. The membership is over 400, and in 1930 fifteen pupils were trained for their pilots' licences.

Nottingham Flying
Club, Tollerton,
Notts

Nottingham Flying Club is associated with National Flying Services, Ltd. The club trained seventeen pilots in 1930, and flew over 715 hours. It serves an important area, where amateur flying is making rapid headway.

Royal Aircraft Estab-
lishment Aero Club,
Farnborough
Aerodrome, Hants

Mr. P. N. G. Peters is the hon. secretary to the Royal Aircraft Establishment Aero Club. The club was one of the first operating, having designed and constructed its own machine. The club won several prizes with its aircraft. It is on a different basis from most others, and all duties are done by members acting in an honorary capacity.

Southern Aero Club,
Shoreham Aerodrome,
Sussex

The Southern Aero Club was founded in 1925. Commander Sir A. Cooper Rawson is the president, and the instructor is Mr. F. G. Miles. There are two aircraft, and 1,933 hours were flown in 1930. Miss N. B. Birkett is the hon. secretary.

Yorkshire Aeroplane
Club, Sherburn-in-
Elmet, near Leeds

The Yorkshire Aeroplane Club, whose chief instructor is Mr. H. V. Worrall, has three aeroplanes and a membership of 212. Of these fifty hold "A" licences. In 1930 the club did 1,689 hours flying and trained eighteen pilots. The club is associated with N.F.S.

WONDERS OF THE AGES!

THOUGH first ancestor of talking film machines, the Magic Lantern now seems merely a toy. Equal advance is seen in our notions of shirts and pyjamas.

THE name "Tricoline" identifies silken refinement and comfort, faultless wear and lasting colourings to gratify every possible taste. All good-class Hosiers, Outfitters and Stores can show you a wide assortment of this popular men's wear.



They marvelled at the MAGIC LANTERN...

you will marvel at

"*Tricoline*"
THE EQUAL TO SILK
SHIRTS, COLLARS & PYJAMAS

If any difficulty in obtaining, write M.7, "TRICOLINE" House, 19, Watling St., London, E.1.4

MILTON

ANTISEPTIC

CLEANS FALSE TEETH - AND THAT'S NOT ALL



REMOTES STAINS

pages 15 & 16

AND THAT'S NOT ALL

MISS PAULINE GOWER
Elliott & Fry

The younger daughter of Sir Robert and Lady Gower is a very keen airwoman. Her engagement to Mr. Keith Erskine, the third son of Sir James and Lady Monteith-Erskine, was announced a short time ago

£1,000, and I would have put it as very good value at that. Actually it is £775 all on. Altogether a very fine job in every way, upon which the Sunbeam Company deserve the fullest congratulations.

* * * * *

Of Coaches. I do not envy the man whose job it will be to sort out the traffic tangle when it has had another few years to develop, and the thing that is going to offer the greatest difficulty is the coach. It was not until the Thursday before Easter that I realized that there were quite so many of these vehicles in existence, for they come out at almost fixed seasons

Petrol Vapour—(cont. from p. 118)

to speed, this Sunbeam surely gives all that could be reasonably asked. Seventy-five against the clock I got under not too favourable conditions, and I feel pretty sure that 80 could be made a commonplace. That, however, is not so important as the smooth vigour of acceleration which is most pleasing. There is a silent third ratio, for use when you want to meet exceptional conditions, but, as a fact, I found that practically all traffic work and all lane-work, too, could be done on top with consummate ease. The engine is, beyond doubt, one of the quietest I have ever sat behind, a state of affairs which is rather remarkable having regard to the fact that it is by no means of large size, and yet develops a tremendous lot of power. I would have guessed the price of the standard coach-built saloon at not less than

like the flowers of Spring and they are certainly as many-hued. Far be it from me to decry the coach, beyond the fact that highly taxed as it is, it still does not pay sufficient towards the maintenance of the roads out of which it earns its dividends. Not seldom do I patronize the poor man's saloon and I find it a very charming and agreeably cheap mode of transport. No one can deny its right to be on the highway, even if it does knock the latter about, except the railway companies, one of which is, I am interested to see, challenging several coach services before the recently-appointed sectional commissioners of traffic. But there is no getting away from the fact that there are too many of them in the London area. On this Thursday evening to which I refer they cluttered up the streets so much that it took me three-quarters-of-an-hour to get from the West End to Hammersmith Broadway—that is to say—just about twice the normal time.

Poole, Dublin
AT FAIRYHOUSE CHASES: CAPTAIN ARTHUR NUTTING AND MRS. MURPHY

On Irish Grand National Day at the famous Fairyhouse course. Captain Nutting is a brother of Sir Harold Nutting, Bart., the Joint Master of the Quorn, and was formerly in the Irish Guards

Owners were enthusiastic about the Buick "6"—

BUT—
THE BUICK "8"
HAS IT BEATEN
and there is a Saloon
at under £400

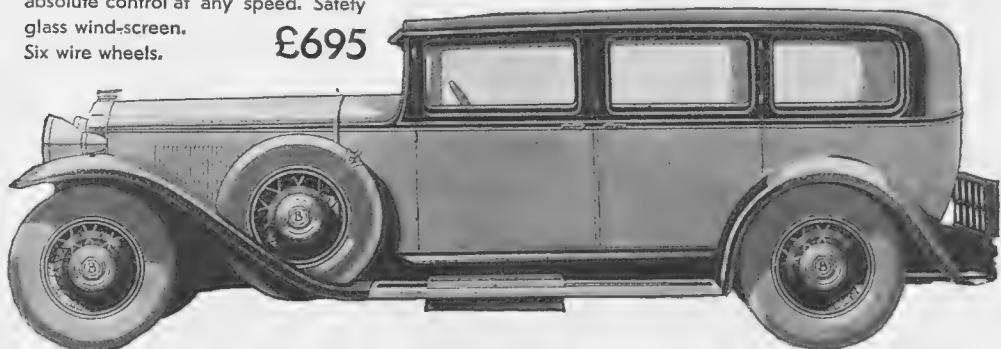
THREE RANGES OF BUICKS

| | |
|---------------------------|------|
| 27-H.P. LIGHT SALOON | £398 |
| WHEELBASE 114" | |
| *30-H.P. STANDARD SALOON | £485 |
| WHEELBASE 118" | |
| *36-H.P. MASTER LIMOUSINE | £695 |
| (7-SEATER) WHEELBASE 132" | |

*These models are equipped with dual carburation and synchromesh gears.

The Master Buick Pullman 7-seater Limousine, with 36-h.p. O.H.V. engine. With a maximum speed of 75 to 80 miles an hour, and brakes that give absolute control at any speed. Safety glass wind-screen. Six wire wheels.

£695



FOR years motorists have been enthusiastic about the Buick Six. But they'll tell you that the Buick Eight has eclipsed even the famous Six! In fact, the Eight is so good that the Buick engineers discontinued the Six altogether when they brought out the Eight. There is simply no question that this new overhead-valve straight-eight is Buick's masterpiece. Three miles an hour in traffic, seventy-five to eighty in the open, up

really steep hills—ail without a change of gear! Brakes that control the car at any speed. Acceleration that enables it to shoot ahead in an instant.

And yet there is a four-door saloon for only £398. Ask any Buick dealer for catalogue and details of the G.M.A.C. plan of convenient payments. He will willingly arrange a trial run. Or write to General Motors Ltd., The Hyde, Hendon, London, N.W.9.

BUICK STRAIGHT-8

A COMPLETE RANGE OF MODELS ON VIEW AT 26B AND C ALBEMARLE STREET, LONDON, W.1

27 H.P. 30 H.P.
36 H.P.



New Ford Cabriolet 24 h.p. £210 at works, Manchester. (14.9 h.p. £5 extra.)

The simplicity of control .

adjustment, lubrication and maintenance generally of the New FORD are already proverbial.

Lacking nothing which makes for refinement of performance, the New FORD is yet demonstrably easier, simpler, less tiring to drive, over the longest day, than is any other car of comparable purchase-price, carrying-capacity and running-cost.

Your local FORD Dealer will prove this, to the hilt, on request. Spare him five minutes and you will be interested. Make it an hour, and you will buy a New FORD !



Combined ease and certainty of steering, of a degree unknown except on the costliest of cars, other than the New Ford, is associated with extreme accessibility of the minor control-devices.

NEW FORD PRICES

| | | |
|--|---------|------|
| Tudor Saloon | 24 h.p. | £180 |
| Touring Car | „ | £185 |
| Standard Coupé | „ | £185 |
| 3-window Fordor Saloon | „ | £210 |
| De Luxe Touring Car | „ | £225 |
| De Luxe Fordor Saloon with sliding roof | 24 h.p. | £225 |

14.9 h.p. £5 extra.

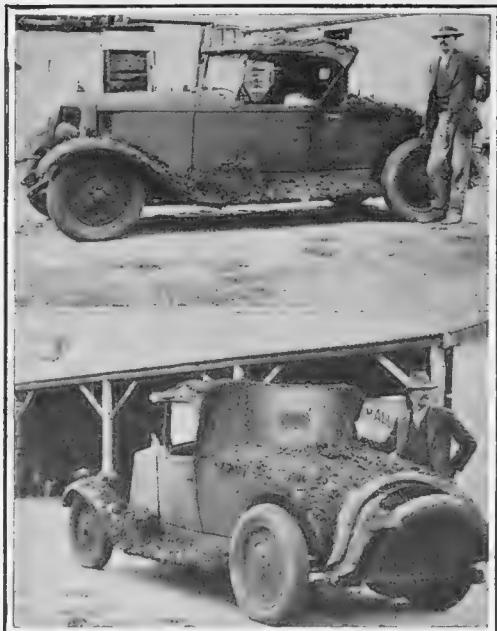
All prices at works, Manchester.

LINCOLN



Fordson

AIRCRAFT



PITY THE POOR CAR!

These two extraordinary photographs show a 20-h.p. Armstrong-Siddeley car after a run in Queensland, Australia. The mud is of a thick, black soily nature, and it is common practice for a driver, if caught in the rains, to give up his efforts and leave the car until conditions improve

of information on upkeep and maintenance. sized charts to hang on the garage wall can be obtained free and post free from any Ford dealer or from C. C. Wakefield and Co., Ltd., Wakefield House, Cheapside, E.C.2.

The Sunbeam Motor Car Company, Ltd., have just issued a most artistic new catalogue which deals with the complete range of Sunbeam cars for the present season. It is beautifully illustrated with

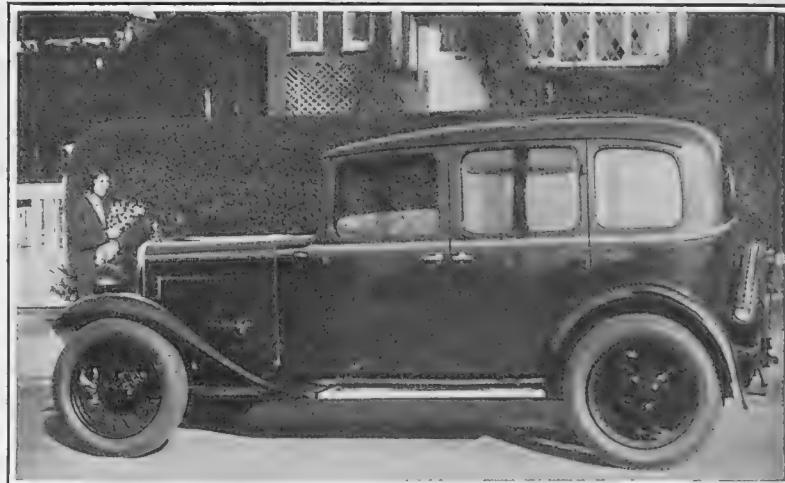
Innumerable booklets explaining the working of motor-cars and motor-cycles have been brought out in recent years, but one published recently by the Wakefield people follows a novel and most ingenious plan. The diagrams illustrating the different parts of the car are printed on flimsy paper, and by placing one diagram on top of another the novice can obtain an excellent idea of the relative positions of the various components. The first part of the book is given up to diagrams, and the second part to simple non-technical explanations of the various points indicated in the diagrams. Called "How the Ford Car Works," the booklet is not only a handy little brochure on the latest model "A" Ford, but is also a mine

These booklets and full-

sized charts to hang on the garage wall can be obtained free and post

free from any Ford dealer or from C. C. Wakefield and Co., Ltd., Wakefield House, Cheapside, E.C.2.

pictures of all their models, etc., and is full of interesting information. In a foreword as regards cars which are required for use overseas they state that they supply models embodying certain special modifications to suit conditions under which they will be used, and full particulars will be supplied on request by their export department. They strongly recommend clients who intend taking their cars abroad to acquaint them of this fact at the time of placing their orders. A copy of this catalogue will be posted to any reader of THE TATLER on application to the Sunbeam Motor Company, Moorfield Works, Wolverhampton.



THE NEW AUSTIN TWELVE-SIX SALOON

We have been asked to state that the offices and services department of S. Smith and Sons (Motor Accessories), Ltd., formerly at 122, Alma Street, and offices and factory at 175, Clifton Road, Birmingham, have now been removed to much larger premises under one roof at 26-33, Cox Street, St. Paul's, Birmingham, 'phone—Birmingham Central 6963, where all correspondence and deliveries should be sent in future, and service on Smith products obtained.

SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL'S STAR COMET COUPE

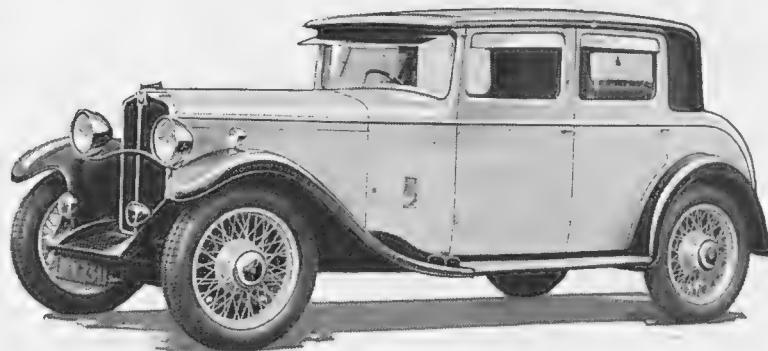


Operating the Jacks.

The most completely equipped car on the road

with the Jackall four-wheel jacks built into the car, which raises any individual wheel, or all four wheels, by a simple operation. Tecalemit one-shot chassis lubrication which lubricates the whole of the chassis by simple pedal pressure from driver's seat. Patent signalling window, silent third speed gear box, Bendix Perrot brakes on four wheels, Luvax hydraulic shock absorbers, high pressure engine lubrication, and every possible device for ensuring care-free luxury motoring. Two years' guarantee and two years' free periodical inspection. ALL COMET MODELS £495.

The STAR MOTOR Co., Ltd., WOLVERHAMPTON
London Showrooms: 27, ALBEMARLE ST., PICCADILLY, W.1
(ASSOCIATED WITH GUY MOTORS LTD.)



THORNYCROFT MOTOR BOATS

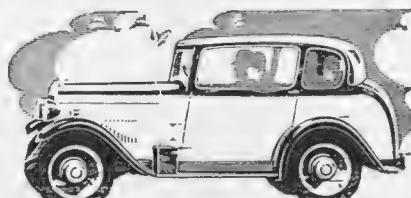
For happy days afloat!

We have a number of new and secondhand craft of various types available for immediate delivery. Inspection on the Thames by appointment. Full particulars from:

JOHN I. THORNYCROFT & CO., LIMITED, Thorneycroft House, Smith Sq., LONDON, S.W.1.

THE added comfort, safety and economy of Triumph motoring—all make a very definite appeal to the family man. Deep cushioned seats, the perfectly appointed interior, hydraulic brakes and safety glass throughout ensure comfort, confidence and absolute peace of mind.

There are Super Seven models from £162.10s. Scorpion 6-cyl. models from £220. Write for full details.

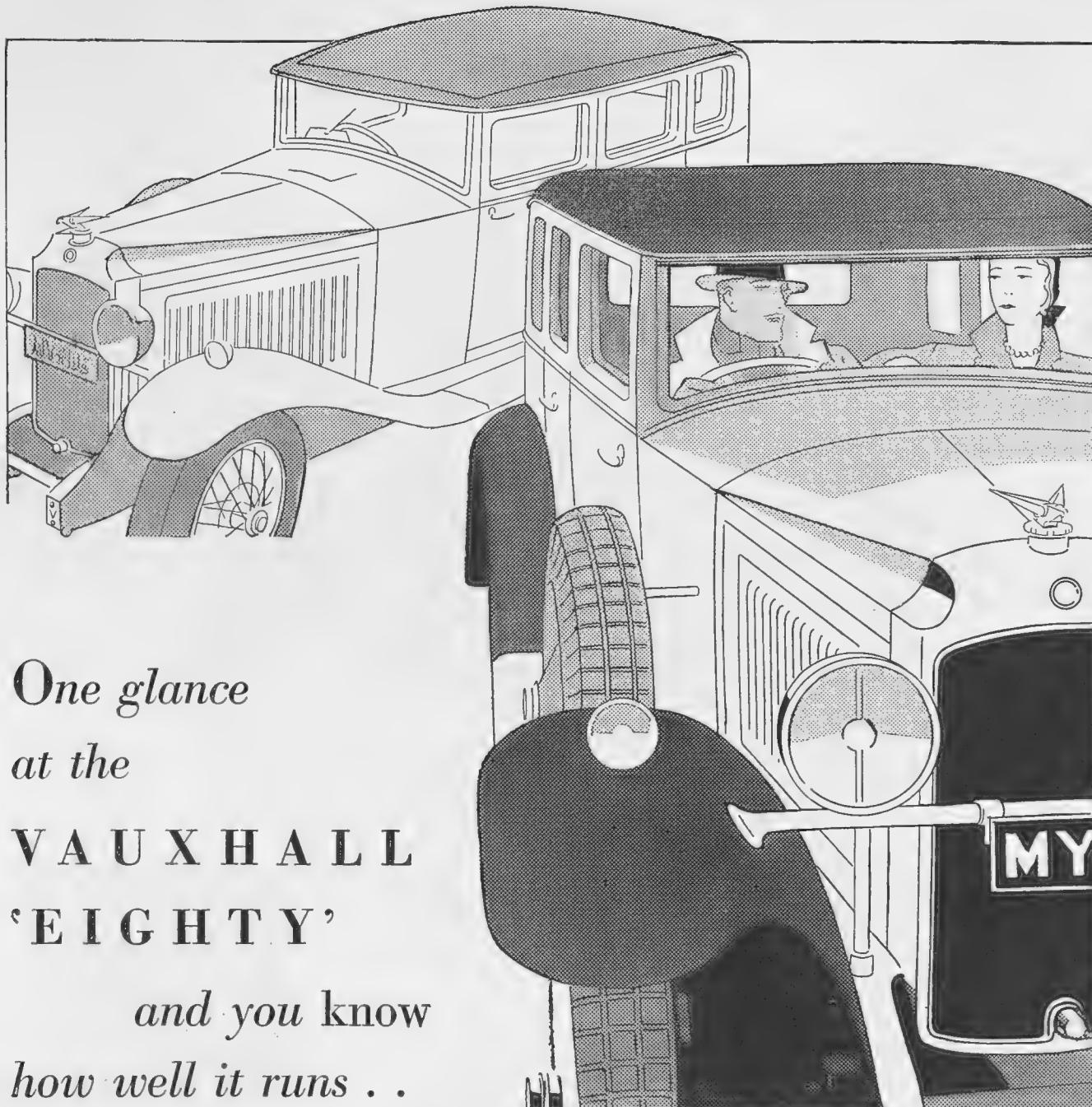


Luxuriously appointed, hydraulic brakes, safety glass, cellulose finish, chromium plating. Lucas electrical equipment and Dunlop tyres.

TRIUMPH

The finest small car in the world.

Triumph Motor Co. Ltd., Coventry. London: 218, Gt. Portland St., W.1 (1st Floor)



One glance
at the
VAUXHALL
'EIGHTY'
and you know
how well it runs . . .

The Richmond Saloon, £495

YOU'VE only to look at the Vauxhall Eighty to *know* how well it runs — how rapidly it threads the traffic, how easily it sails up the steepest hills, how swiftly it devours the miles on the open road. Power and luxury are in every line of the finely-proportioned, graceful body.

For twenty-five years of Vauxhall experience are in the Eighty — the finest achievement of the engineers who have built up the great Vauxhall reputation.

Any Vauxhall dealer will give you a trial run in the Eighty. See for yourself how perfectly this car is suited to motoring conditions today. Feel the superbly comfortable riding even over bad roads and the wonderfully smooth running of the 24 horse-power engine.

Prices : Princeton Tourer, £485 ; Richmond Saloon, £495 (sliding roof £10 extra) ; Velox Fabric Saloon, £495 ; Kingston Sportsman's Coupé, £535 ; Grafton Coupé, £575 ; Grosvenor 7-seater Limousine, £650 ; Westminster 7-seater Limousine, £695. Write for illustrated catalogue to Vauxhall Sales Department, General Motors Ltd., The Hyde, Hendon, London, N.W.9.



For those who want a smaller car there is the 17 h.p. 6-cylinder Vauxhall Cadet from £275 to £298. The Vauxhall Eighty and Cadet are on show at 174-182 Great Portland Street, London, W.1.

Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 116

"Riding," a charming little book by Lady Hunloke and Cecil Aldin, has just been given to me as an un-birthday present by the publishers, Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode, who, as is usual with all their books, have turned it out with its hair well brushed and its clothes very well cut. But inside the clothes the material is just as good. It is written for children, and I compliment the authors on the method of their joint effort. So many people think it necessary to talk to children as if they were congenital idiots or anthropoid apes—witness some of the things we hear over the wireless! It is just the same as making silly noises at toothless babes—enough, quite often, to make any baby of character up and spit in their faces. In this book the authors avoid this thing, talk sense, and talk it with humour, which wins more than half the battle in any form of lecture. A fact linked to something that makes you laugh stays longer in the cells of your memory than a cold fact just plumped down like a fish-monger slams a sole or a flounder on his marble-topped mortuary. One fact, a well-known one, of course, the authors rub in quite early, and that is the desirability of giving a small child a narrow pony. Any doctor I expect would be able to give you a very cogent reason for this, especially where little boys are concerned. The authors do their job very thoroughly, from teaching the Young Idea how to put a bridle and saddle on and telling the age of any sort of steed, to the more advanced business of sitting at the jumps. They teach

with knowledge, and I think any child over six and up to sixty or seventy will learn a bit if he or she reads it through from cover to cover. No one, of course, ought to let a child ride one that is a bit of a pig-dog to tackle—won't stand to be mounted perhaps, or is a bit higher for you than you like—but if you do, here is a good wrinkle which is all my own. Get his head round towards you by a shorter hold on the near rein so as to have him turning to you, then pull the off-side leather over and get a grip of it as near up to the buckle as you can, and then get on whether he will stand or not; he ought not to be able to shift you even if he plays up. After that you can quickly alter his ideas as to who is in command by circling and figure-of-eighting the soul-case out of him, reining him back, and finally he will be only too pleased to stand still. Then get on and off both sides, and if you are nimble end up by—after tying the thong of your whip to the reins—sliding over his tail! There is no need for any rough methods, but in nine cases out of ten you win if you've the patience. It is, however, a great mistake to leave off the bending lesson till he thoroughly understands who is captain of the ship, and has decided to cease behaving in a thoroughly vulgar manner.

* * * * *

A daily paper remarks concerning a recent smash on the Brooklands track:

He is at Weybridge Cottage Hospital suffering from a broken thigh and compound fracture below the knee, but otherwise uninjured. I suppose if in addition he had broken both collar-bones, a few ribs, and one or two of his vertebrae they would have said that he had been "a bit shaken?"



AT THE WEEDON POINT-TO-POINT

Lady Cromwell, Lady Blanche Douglas, the Hon. Mrs. John Lowther, and Baron F. de Tuyll at Walford Court, Lord and Lady Henley's seat, where the Pytchley hounds met the day the Weedon Equitation School ran its annual point-to-point. There were lightweight and heavyweight races over five miles of the stiff Pytchley country. The Hon. Mrs. J. G. Lowther is the wife of the Senior Master of the Pytchley, Colonel J. G. Lowther

PERFORMANCE — NOT PROMISE

K.L.G.

THE CHOICE for ALL 'MOTHS'

There is no need to refer to the efficiency of K.L.G. Plugs for it is sufficient that Messrs. The De Havilland Aircraft Co. Ltd., should have selected them.

K·L·G
PLUGS

should be fitted by every light aeroplane owner, for performance—not promise.

GOOD GIN GOOD COCKTAIL!

• No matter if it's a crisp Clover Club, a sly Silver Slipper or a hectic Horse's Neck, only good gin makes a good cocktail. Make sure that gin does you good while it's giving you pleasure. Make sure by using Holloway's Dry London . . . double distilled and crystal clear. Holloway's is silver well spent . . . always.

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Warwick Wright Says

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AT THE SPECIAL
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**APRIL 20TH
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In the padded seats of a super-cinema, or the snug upholstered interior of a Talbot saloon you can get all the speed and all the thrills you want—in both cases with perfect safety and exceptional comfort.

The mechanical excellence of the Talbot is proved by its persistent non-stop performances in classic long distance races.

Talbot is a hand made car—we almost said made like a watch—so fine and so intricate are the inspection tests through which its various parts have to pass.

At our showrooms you will see some of the Talbot "innards" together with a most comprehensive selection of coachwork. Talbot experts will be at your disposal.

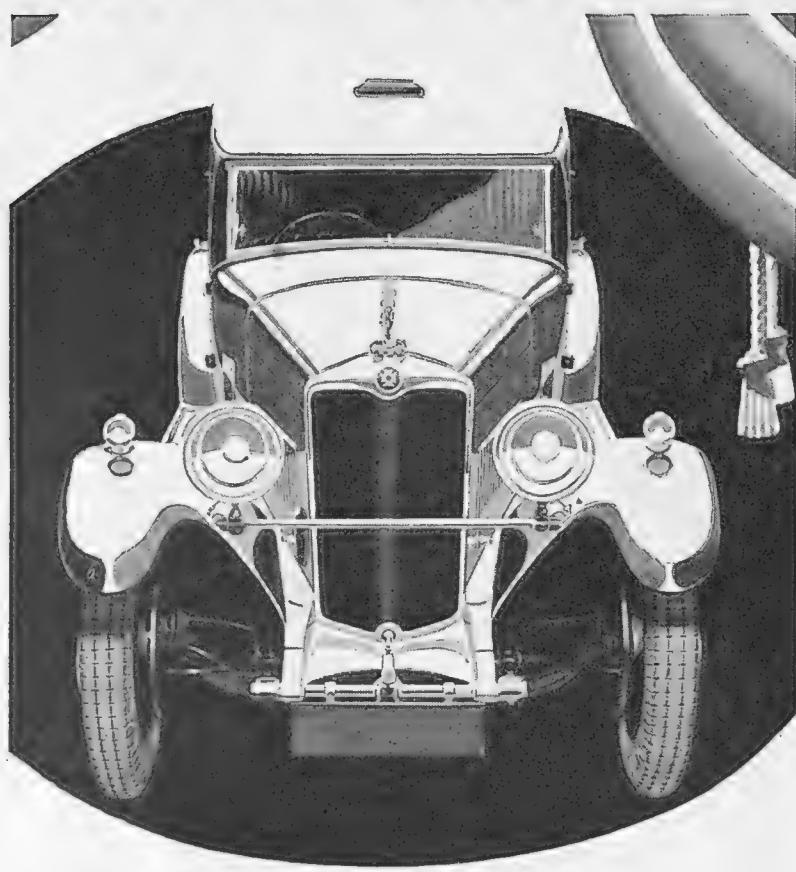
We cordially invite you to come. See and try the cars.

NON-STOP

Talbot cars ran through the Irish Grand Prix and the Ulster Tourist Trophy Race without a single stop for mechanical trouble. The Talbot also completed the 500 mile Race at Brooklands; again non-stop.

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150, NEW BOND STREET, W.1.
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... BUT WAIT TILL
YOU SEE THE CROSSLEY!



Do you know what a Crossley costs? £495 for the Silver Crossley and £575 for the more powerful Golden Crossley. You know that the Crossley is one of the upper ten in the motor world, but do you know what that means? It means that the specification must include every tested improvement that a fine car should have. The equipment must be de luxe, the workmanship must be by hand—by English hands. You get all this in less than a dozen famous cars. In one car only do you get it for the prices quoted—that car is the Crossley . . .

When you drive the Crossley on the road, you will feel more comfortable at high speeds than you ever felt before. The reason is the perfected control of the Crossley: vibrationless power, light but rigid steering, wonderful springs and most reassuring brakes. This mechanical perfection is British made—it lasts!

Write to either of the addresses below for illustrated particulars and address of the nearest local agent, who will gladly arrange a trial run

CHOOSE NO CAR UNTIL YOU HAVE SEEN THE

CROSSLEY



GOLDEN CROSSLEY 20.9 six-cylinder Saloon de luxe £575

SILVER CROSSLEY 15.7 six-cylinder Saloon de luxe £495

SUPER Six Limousine or Landaulette 20.9 six cylinder £875

Dunlop Tyres Standard.

CROSSLEY MOTORS LTD., GORTON, MANCHESTER. London Showrooms: Shrimpton Motors Ltd., 38-39 Berkeley St., W. London Service Depot: 50 Page Street, London, S.W.1

And After That — ?—continued from p. 122

difficulty, monosyllabically. Then Sarah joined in, huskily and hesitatingly at first, but more earnestly as she went on. The answers came pat, names, dates of occurrences, little intimate jokes.

It was all somehow rather horrible. Agnes was crying, with deep sobs, Sarah's face was white and strained, as she sat forward, gazing at the fat old woman lying back in the chair, eyes shut, talking in that high, faint, voice. I felt my hands damp and clammy as I clenched them.

"Big Friend says, now you believe, he wants you to listen carefully." And then the message came.

Its purport was this. Bill knew that in Sarah's heart was the determination to follow him, and she must promise, solemnly promise, not to "pass over" before her time, because if she did they would never meet. He was a little vague as to the reasons for this, but he knew it was a fact. Would she faithfully swear and promise?

There was silence for a moment, and then one word, hoarsely, from Sarah, "Yes." The medium continued to interpret. Bill was delighted, overjoyed, and now he wanted another promise. Sarah was to vow never to try and communicate with him again, either through a medium, or by planchette, or in any other way; he would never, could never, speak again, but lying spirits might come to her and pain her. The message grew a little involved at this point, he did not understand all the rules that governed his new existence, but he was quite certain that he could never come back and talk. He gained this promise, too, and then produced a queer little sentence of affectionate farewell that we had all heard him use a thousand times, and added "Remember, Mark 16, 2."

It was the climax. "Bill, my darling," cried Sarah, but, the prattling voice announced that Big Friend had gone; she bade us farewell herself. And the squeak was silent. The tears were running down Sarah's face now and she let them roll, while sobs shook her.

Agnes got up quickly, went and put her arms round her. I don't know how long they wept together while the medium snored, but they left, Sarah leaning on Agnes, before Mrs. Mining woke up, leaving me to make our adieu. As the noise of the departing taxi was heard, Little Polly's mouth-piece opened her eyes and sat up. She showed no signs of having been suddenly wakened, and the smile with which she favoured me can only be described as a grin.

"It went off all right, sir, the lady swallowed it I think."

"It was admirably achieved, Mrs. Mining." I took out my note-case.

She thanked me profusely, and said with a sigh that it seemed a pity not to have another sitting to clinch it. I told her severely that if she ever approached Sarah again, or "sat" with her, I should expose her publicly as a fraud. She hastily assured me that she never would do so, but seemed a little injured.

"You know, sir, I shouldn't like you to think as how I'm always tricking. I did it this time to oblige, for the lady's good, because I'm a kind-hearted woman, but queer things do 'appen."

"No doubt," I said, "but they don't interest me. You did this extremely well and I shall always be grateful to you."

"I didn't forget none of them things you told me," she said proudly.

"No," I answered, "there was only one mistake you made, mentioning that text at the end was completely out of character; my friend was not a religious man; it's the last thing he would have done."

Her shifty eyes looked troubled. "I just ad to say that, sir. I couldn't 'elp it." Habit, I thought, as I said good-bye.

I went to join Sarah and Agnes. I found them quiet, if red-eyed. There was a new life in Sarah, it was as if an image had come alive; there was no more suggestion of the Robot about her. We discussed the phenomena produced by Mrs. Mining. Sarah spoke gravely. "It was true that I had decided not to go on living. I didn't think that I could stand this world without Bill. It's going to be pretty hard as it is; but if he wishes it —"

"I'm glad, Sarah," I said, and squeezed the hand she gave me.

"It took some time to convince you," said Agnes. "I myself had no doubt as to the authenticity of the messages from the very beginning."

"Well," Sarah spoke thoughtfully, "I wasn't sure. It's quite true that all those things the control said were amazingly accurate, but the medium could have got the details by pumping anybody who had seen a good deal of Bill and me; it was the text that really made me certain."

"The text?" I exclaimed.

"Yes. Nobody knew about that but us two. It was like this. Once, during the War—we were engaged then, you remember—I was very anxious to know when his company was going up to the front line; of course he wasn't allowed to tell me, but in one of his letters he put, 'By the way, the text we were arguing about the other night was Mark 16. 2.' We had never argued about a text in our lives, so I grabbed the nearest Bible and looked up the one he had mentioned; it was, 'And very early in the morning, the first day of the week, they came unto the sepulchre at the rising of the sun.' I used to call the front the 'Graveyard,' so of course I knew that they were going up on the Monday. I never told a living soul about this, and had forgotten all about it till he reminded me to-day."

She looked thoughtfully at the fire. We were all silent. I sat dumb-founded.

self-changing gear
gives amazing £300
Acceleration

£300

12 H.P. "SIX" SALOON

Come for a Ride

THIS gear, acting instantly at a finger's touch, operates faster than any ordinary gear and enables the engine to pick up speed in one unfaltering surge of power.

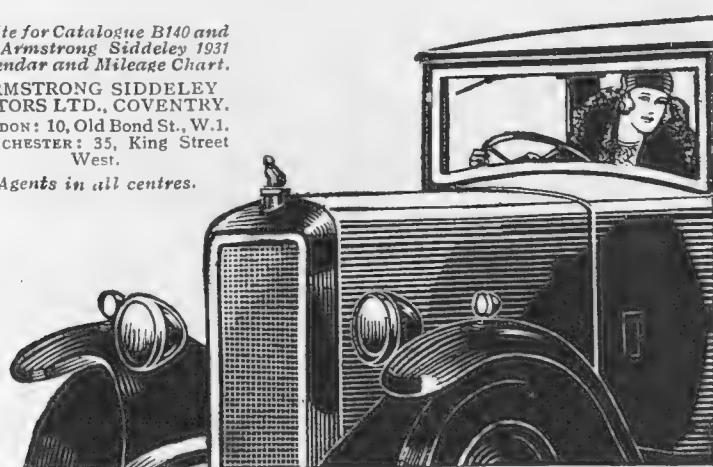
Until you drive the Armstrong Siddeley 12 h.p. six saloon you do not know what efficiency and comfort you can buy for £300.

Though modest in price this magnificent "twelve" is built with all the attention to detail and finish for which the big Armstrong Siddeleys have so long been famous. Judged on all-round point-to-point performance this Armstrong Siddeley offers the finest value in its class.

Test this "light car de luxe" over roads you know. Prove for yourself the ease, the simplicity and the silence of the self-changing gear.

Call at the nearest agents and arrange a trial run.

Write for Catalogue B140 and the Armstrong Siddeley 1931 Calendar and Mileage Chart.
ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY MOTORS LTD., COVENTRY, LONDON: 10, Old Bond St., W.1. MANCHESTER: 35, King Street West. Agents in all centres.



ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY

"an unfailing remedy . . ."



Mr. Derek Oldham,

the popular Actor, now playing in "The Song of the Drum" at Drury Lane Theatre, writes:—

"I HAVE always found that my voice depends greatly on my physical health, so it is extremely important I should always feel fit. If one is doing eight performances a week, besides Concert engagements, it is impossible sometimes not to feel below par, and then I find Phosferine an unfailing remedy and a grand tonic. Indeed, I consider Phosferine the Pathway to Health."

From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better, and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given to the children with equally good results.

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From Chemists.

The 3/- size contains nearly four times the quantity of the 1/3 size.

Also take PHOSFERINE HEALTH SALT—the Spring Tonic Laxative. It tones as it cleanses! Price 1/6—double quantity 2/6

Aldwych

Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

Meetings of the Show and Executive Committees were held on March 24. Lady Howe, chairman of the Show Committee, presided at it, and also at the Executive, in the absence in Ireland of Lady Kathleen Pilkington.

It is good news that the Executive have secured the Empire Hall, Olympia, for the Members' Show on November 24. We all know what a good place Olympia is for a show, and how well warmed and well lighted it is, and how easily accessible from everywhere. It is now up to members to show their approval by loyally supporting their Members' Show.

Everyone is asked to notice that the entries for the Open Show close on April 22. This is rather sooner than the usual fortnight, so please take special notice of this. Also dogs entered only in the Obedience and Children's classes need only attend the second day of the Show, a great privilege. The Show promises to be full of

interest, as, in addition to the ordinary show routine, there is to be an Alsatian Cabaret the first evening, and the Obedience, Children's classes and various specials the second day, among which the "Galloping Pekingese" is not the least popular. Altogether it promises to be a Show full of amusement and variety. The Kennel Club have also granted challenge certificates for Irish water spaniels.

No dog can approach the Irish wolfhound for size and dignity of character. Curiously enough, though of such enormous bulk, he is not a large eater, and is an excellent house-dog, as he is not restless, and "stays put," unlike smaller dogs. These dogs have now come into high favour, and their popularity grows as their delightful disposition becomes better known. Mrs. Beynon is one of

FRENCH BULLDOG PUP
The property of Mrs. Sugden

the most amusing shop in london



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IRISH WOLFHOUNDS
The property of Mrs. Beynon

their most staunch admirers and sends a group of her hounds. Champion Patrick of Ifold has just celebrated his eighth birthday and is very young and active for his years. He is sitting down in the group. The latest wins of this kennel include two firsts at Cruft's by a young dog the first time out. All Mrs. Beynon's hounds are house-trained and brought up to be used to and fond of children. The kennels near Dartford in Kent are easily accessible, and Mrs. Beynon is always pleased to show the dogs to anyone.

Mrs. Sugden's French Bulldogs are well known to us all. She has some very nice pups for sale, and sends a picture of a real good one who should go far as he has remarkable bone for a puppy. She has done very well with her dogs lately.

Miss Fry is a comparatively newcomer in the Cairn fancy, but she began in the right way by getting a good one.

Silver Spur out of the West is a real good stamp of rugged Cairn with a specially good coat. Since buying him Miss Fry has added Champion Seaworthy out of the West to her kennels and has a particularly nice young dog by him. She is now moving from the New Forest to near Bridport where she hopes to continue her Cairn activities. The popularity of the Cairn shows no sign of declining, and will not so long as he keeps clear of over trimming and does not become too small and toyish.

I have an application from a kennel-maid. She is thoroughly strong and used to dogs and can drive a car. She is not afraid of hard work and would be willing at first to work for her, keep till she has gained experience.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



SILVER SPUR OUT OF THE WEST
The property of Miss Fry

THE LONDON SHOE CO. LTD.

"Marigold"

"Sandown"

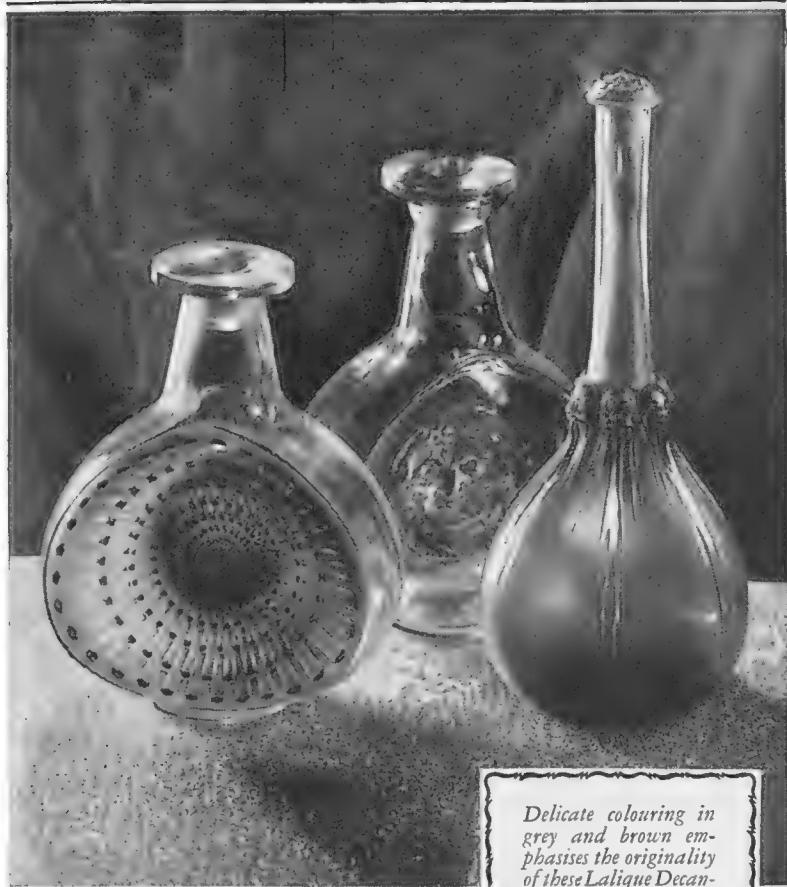
"Marigold" — White/brown or white/black Oxfordette with medium Spanish heel - 45/-

"Sandown" — Brown calf sport shoe trimmed brown crocodile. Also in black boxcalf and crocodile - 42/-

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no finer
COLLECTION'



Delicate colouring in grey and brown emphasises the originality of these Lalique Decanters—"Marguerites," "Masques" and "Six Heads."

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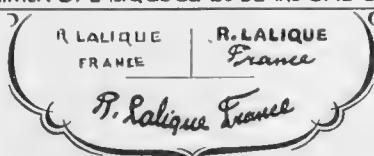
Idéal Home Exhibition, April 7-May 2,
Stand 2, Mezzanine Floor, Grand Hall.

TO-DAY, more than ever before, the vogue is for Lalique Glass. You can see the whole range of Lalique's creations without waiting until you cross the channel. Here at Breves' Lalique Galleries you will find a collection that has no equal in variety of form or latitude of price. Spend an hour soon among this beautiful glass. An interesting book, "The Art of René Lalique," with over a hundred illustrations, will be sent post free for 1s. 6d.

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The Speedometers of the Years

Beauty of the face depends far more on the beauty of the eyes than on any other features. The eyes are the quickest index to age.

For this reason Eleanor Adair has created in her salon an exclusive specialised remedy for tired and lined eyes. The treatment, given by trained and experienced assistants, embraces massage, hot bandalettes, and finally a special stimulating and healing process.

The vogue of the close-fitting hat focuses greater attention on the forehead and eyes. Therefore Eleanor Adair's treatment—which is perfectly safe and effective—is more essential now than ever. It has enjoyed a wonderful success for many years.

Eleanor Adair specially invites ladies to call at her salon, where expert advice can be had free of charge.

GANESH EASTERN MUSCLE OIL

There is no other preparation like this wonderful Muscle Oil to strengthen the exhausted tissues, round out furrowed cheeks, smooth and invigorate sagging muscles of the face and neck. **5/6, 10/6, 21/6**

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is an excellent tonic for the skin, which is strengthened and whitened. Closes open pores. **5/6, 7/6, 10/6 and 21/6**

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has a soothing effect and penetrates far into the pores, cleansing them of all impurities. Leaves the skin wonderfully soft and smooth. **2/6, 6/6, 8/6**

GANESH EYE LOTION

Especially good for cleansing the eyes after motoring or travelling. **2/6**

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nourishes the skin, keeps it soft and supple. A tissue-builder specially prepared for dry and tender skins. **2/6 and 6/6**

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will remove lines and the jaded appearance from the eyes. Most soothing and restful. Box containing dozen. **10/6**

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By her famous original treatment, double chins are transformed into the youthful poise of chiselled contours.

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Topics of Varied Interest

The Art of Permanent Waving.

It may be said and with justice that the art of permanent waving defies the ravages wrought by time. It must, of course, be carried out by experts in the art; those at the Maison Francis, 3, Hanover Square, have reached the very topmost rung of the ladder of success. Our gods to-day are energy, speed, and change, and women have entered into the swing and go of dynamic life; they have no time to wave and treat their own hair, and secretly they are well aware of the fact that the results would spell tragedy if they did. Furthermore, they know that there is no better letter of introduction than permanently waved and dressed hair. At the Maison Francis the head is looked on as a canvas and the hair as the paints, for there is as much art in permanently waving hair as in painting a picture. Not only has the contour of the head to be taken into consideration, but type of face and the silhouette of the figure.

* * * * *

And Now the Hair Artist Begins His Work.

And when all these points have been considered the artists in hair at the Maison Francis begin their work. Sometimes graceful undulations only are desired, while at others deeper and smaller waves are essential. Furthermore, they fully understand the art of permanent curling. It will be recalled that the leaders of fashion have set their stamp of approval on clusters of curls and soft plaits at the nape of the neck. Grey and white hair are particularly cleverly treated in these salons. As Their Majesties' Courts are within measurable distance, a fact that cannot be made too widely known is that a feature is here made of Court coiffures; the Court regulations are adhered to faithfully. Another point to be emphasized is that the prices which prevail in the salons are exceptionally pleasant. Full particulars will be gladly sent on application.



A FASHIONABLE COIFFURE

The hair has been permanently waved in the salons of the Maison Francis. The undulations are graceful and becoming

Many Parisian Models.

There were many Parisian models at Gooch's (Knightsbridge, S.W.) Parade of Fashion, some of them having crossed the Channel a few days previously; Patou, Lanvin and Poiret being well represented. Too much cannot be said in favour of the floral chiffon frocks; they were endowed with those all-important touches which indelibly label them Spring, 1931. Many were accompanied by scarves, and it was announced that some of them could be arranged in at least fifteen different ways. Small shoulder capes occupied a prominent position; many of them merely turned the shoulders and were edged with ruches. Broderie anglaise made some of the frocks as well as being used for decorative purposes. The tennis frocks, with contrasting coatees, were warmly applauded. There was an infinite variety of tweed ensembles as well as those for afternoon wear, many of which were artistic studies in black and white.

* * * * *

Fashionable Footwear.

Simple in effect, complicated in every charming detail is the mandate of Paris on the vital subject of shoes. In the new spring and summer styles in the showrooms of the London Shoe Company the perfect expression of *chic* in footwear is to be found; it is in all colours and every conceivable style. There are simple court shoes to go with a street ensemble, or shoes for evening wear in satin or crêpe de chine. They are very comfortable and reflect the perfect shaping on English lasts, finished by English craftsmen. All interested in this all-important subject must write for the illustrated catalogue; it will gladly be sent post free.

* * * * *

Lait Larola.

Now that there is every prospect of brilliant sunshine women must make a note of the fact that there is nothing that has a more beneficial effect on the skin than Lait Larola. It is sold practically everywhere.

Write for the new Illustrated Guide and Hotel Register, free from the Town Clerk, Room 12a, Town Hall, Bournemouth.

BOURNEMOUTH
The Centre of
Health & Sunshine

Same Old Headache
Every Afternoon

A Sign of Poisonous Waste Accumulating In Your Body

That same old dull ache in your head every afternoon—that sudden mysterious tired feeling that comes on you before the day is done and sends you home more ready for bed than for your supper—it's one of the surest signs your intestines are falling down on the job and letting the waste matter accumulate. The stored-up waste putrefies—setting up toxins and poisons that sap your strength and energy, cause your head to ache, and make you feel as if you had lost every friend in the world.

One of the best things you can do for sluggish intestines is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This has a splendid cleansing and stimulating effect upon both the stomach and intestines. You

can make the hot water and lemon juice doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder.

This is a famous old natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to flush the intestines and to combat the putrefactive processes and acidity. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish. Get about four ounces of Kutnow's Powder from any chemist to start with. Use it faithfully for six or seven days. The change in your condition will amaze you. You'll feel like a new person, improved in appetite, in colour and clearness of complexion. Years will have seemed to be lifted from your shoulders. Every chemist knows of Kutnow's Powder and will be glad to sell you four ounces for a test.

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MADE IN BRITAIN — WORN BY THE WORLD



*But these
silk stockings
were "different"*

SHE liked the look of them, but she never thought they'd wear better than any other silk stockings. Yet they did—washing after washing they went through without losing their fit or lovely subdued finish. Well, of course, she's asked for Morley's ever since. Says she feels as sure of them as if she'd actually followed the careful testing and re-testing of each thread, seen for herself how Morley stockings are *knitted* to fit, so pliant, so elastic in texture. She says her silk stocking worries are over—now that she's found a make she can trust.

MORLEY
SILK STOCKINGS

I. & R. Morley. Manufacturers: Hosiery, Underwear, Gloves

Service Advertising, F.S. 1069.

*Follow the Decree of
Paris . . .*



*Keep your
finger nails smartly
sparkling . . . this way!*

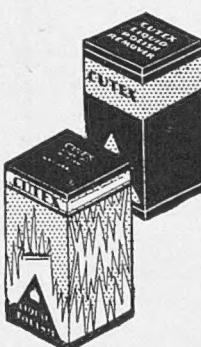
PARIS has laid down the law — to be really smart one's finger-tips *must* sparkle!

At any function where smart women are to be found, gleaming finger nails are the vogue. And no matter how busy you may be, you, too, can give your hands this fascinating finish — just by using the famous Cutex Liquid Polish.

This exquisite polish brushes on smoothly and evenly, and dries so quickly that in a few moments each finger nail is sparkling brilliantly. There are shades to suit all tastes and occasions and one application lasts for days.

Cutex Liquid Polish is unrivalled! Just look at its special advantages . . . 1. *Its brilliant lustre is unmatched.* 2. *It spreads on smoothly and evenly.* 3. *It dries in 30 seconds.* 4. *It never cracks or peals or turns brown.* 5. *It lasts undimmed for a week.*

Of course, you will want your nail-tips to be immaculate and your nail-rims smooth and shapely before the polish is applied. You can do this easily and quickly with the aid of the famous Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser.



• Cutex Liquid Polish, (in six smart shades), 1/-.

Polish Remover, 1/-.

Perfumed Liquid Polish and Polish Remover, 2/6;

Unperfumed, 2/-.

Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser, 2/-

Nail White Pencil, 1/-.

CUTEX Liquid Polish

Notes From Here and There

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, ask your help for an old gentleman of 78 who lives in a large West of England town. He tries to eke out a livelihood on his old age pension and a few gifts from friends. The son of a country doctor, he served for five years in the Merchant Service and then had to retire on account of acute heart trouble. Until the Boer War he lived on a small income, but at that time his shares went down and since then he has tried to support himself by selling books on commission. Now his health is in a terrible state, for he has constant periodical illness and has had five attacks of pleurisy, so of course continued work is impossible. A reference writes that "he is an educated gentleman of steady habits and thoroughly good character," and it is pitiful to see the straits he is put to on account of his desperate poverty. We want to give him a small weekly allowance of 5s. a week during the last few years of his life. Will you help us towards the £13 needed for one year?

* * * * *

The Madame Nikitina, who, as mentioned in "The Letters of Eve," April 1, is a member of the Chauve-Souris Company at the Cambridge Theatre, must not be confused with Madame Alice Nikitina, the star of the late Diaghileff Ballet, who is at present in the South of France.

* * * * *

An appeal was recently issued for £52,000 for the National Children's Home and Orphanage. The response to this appeal resulted in £42,000, including a promise of £5,000 conditional upon the completion of the fund. This means that £10,000 is needed as soon as possible. The long period of trade depression throughout the country has had a two-fold effect on the National Children's Home and Orphanage. It has increased the problems of poverty the Home is being asked to solve, and has greatly diminished the financial support. The Home has over thirty branches sheltering 4,000 of the nation's children. Remittances will be gladly received by either of the treasurers—The Right Hon. Lord Wakefield of Hythe, C.B.E., LL.D., Wakefield House, Cheapside, E.C.2.; Sir Thomas Barlow, M.D., F.R.S., K.C.V.O., 10, Wimpole, Street, W.1.



MISS MARGARET NEESON AT THE TROCADERO
The charming young actress, who appears as "Flowers" in Charles B. Cochran's "Creation," the new supper-time show at the Trocadero

The Gilbert and Sullivan operas make an ever-increasing appeal to the public, and therefore, in addition to the complete recording of *The Yeoman of the Guard*, "His Master's Voice" are issuing a special abridged version made under perfect conditions with the personal supervision of Mr. Rupert D'Oyly Carte from the original scores to which "His Master's Voice" alone have access. These six records, published at 3s. each, or complete in an album for a guinea, give all the most popular music and words of the enchanting opera. Dr. Malcolm Sargent conducts the orchestra, principals, and chorus. With the album set is given a splendidly printed book of the words of all the songs, together with a synopsis of the story of *The Yeoman of the Guard*. The fourteen numbers are sung by Muriel Dickson, Beatrice Elburn, Nellie Walker, Derek Oldham, George Baker, Sydney Granville, Stuart Robertson, and Edward Halland.

* * * * *

One of the greatest tragedies of our time is that thousands of boys and girls in this country are growing up with no occupation, no trade, and no hope of work. In the North of England this state of things is probably worse than anywhere else. There is at the present time one occupation—domestic service—which is not over-stocked, but in which there is a real shortage of recruits. Boys and girls when they first leave home are to a great extent untrained. To aid these boys and girls, Mrs. Headlam founded the United Service, and with two offices at Durham and Newcastle has done remarkably good work in finding employment for and training these young people, but in order to carry on the work she must have financial help. For this purpose a bridge tournament is being held at Londonderry House on May 6 at 3 p.m. Princess Mary, the Countess of Harewood, has consented to give away the prizes. Tables, £2 2s.; single tickets and guests, 10s. 6d., including refreshments. A limited number of tables can be reserved for back-gammon at £1 1s. per table. These may be obtained from H. E. Crawley, Esq., 91, Queen's Gate, S.W.7.

* * * * *

In our issue of March 25 we stated that Mr. Paul Tanqueray had a studio in Hollywood. Mr. Tanqueray informs us that this is not correct, and that his only studio is at 8, Dover Street, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

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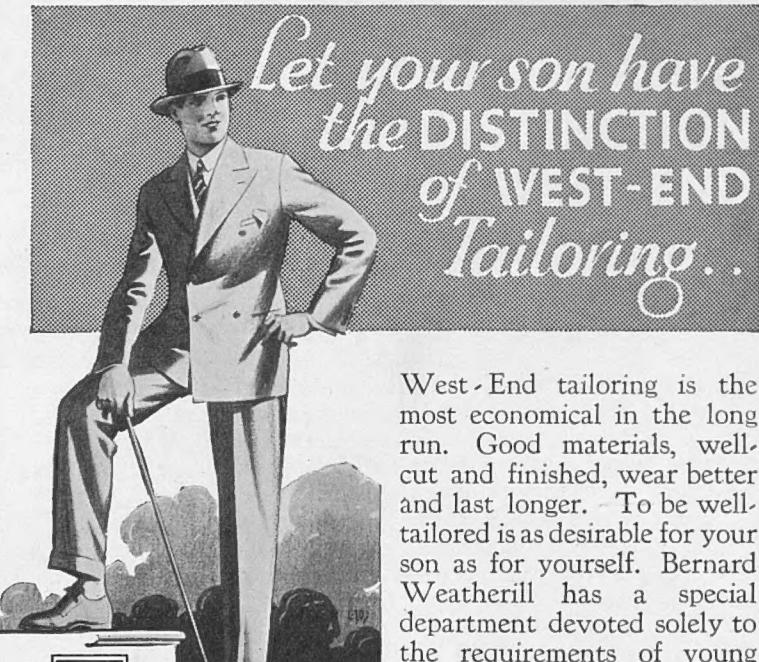
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Refills in returnable jars. Send 25/- for 2 bottles post paid, and try the very excellent quality of it.

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"THE TATLER" FLYING SCHEME

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CONDITIONS

- 1.—Readers will select from the list on page xxix the Club (or School) nearest their home.
- 2.—The form below must be filled up and presented at the aerodrome. Readers under 21 must get the signed consent of Parent or Guardian. Readers under 17 cannot be accepted. All readers will be required to sign the usual form of indemnity.
- 3.—Coupons must be presented by May 20th.
- 4.—**There are only a limited number of flights available at each aerodrome, and applications will be dealt with as received.**
- 5.—Times will be arranged by the Club (or School) to fit in with those booked by their regular pupils. At some aerodromes there is considerable pressure at week-ends and trial lessons will only be possible during the week.
- 6.—The Club (or School) will choose the six most promising "Tatler" pupils who may then be asked to take a single hour's instruction at their own expense, in order that a final selection may be made. **The pupil who is finally chosen as the best at each aerodrome will receive a complete course of instruction free to qualify for his or her "A" Licence.**
- 7.—The scholarship will not be granted at any aerodrome where sufficient readers do not apply for trial lessons.
- 8.—Selected pupils will be required to undergo a medical examination to the satisfaction of the Club (or School).
- 9.—The "scholarship" pupil at each Club undertakes to become a flying member of that Club.
- 10.—The Club (or School) may refuse an individual application without giving any reason.
- 11.—The decision of the Club (or School) will be final.

FORM OF APPLICATION

To FLYING CLUB
SCHOOL

at AERODROME

[See list on page xxix]

- 1.—I apply for one of the free trial flying lessons which have been arranged for readers of "THE TATLER."
- 2.—I understand that the total number of lessons available is limited, and agree to the conditions given above.
- 3.—I declare that I have never previously had any flying instruction of any kind, and that I am a British subject.
- 4.—I am over 21 years of age.
am not }
- 5.—I agree to sign the indemnity form as required by the Club (or School).

Signed

Full Address

Date

(In addition, readers under 21 must obtain the signature of Parents or Guardian below.)

I have no objection to my Mr.
Miss

having a trial flying lesson on the conditions set forth by "THE TATLER."

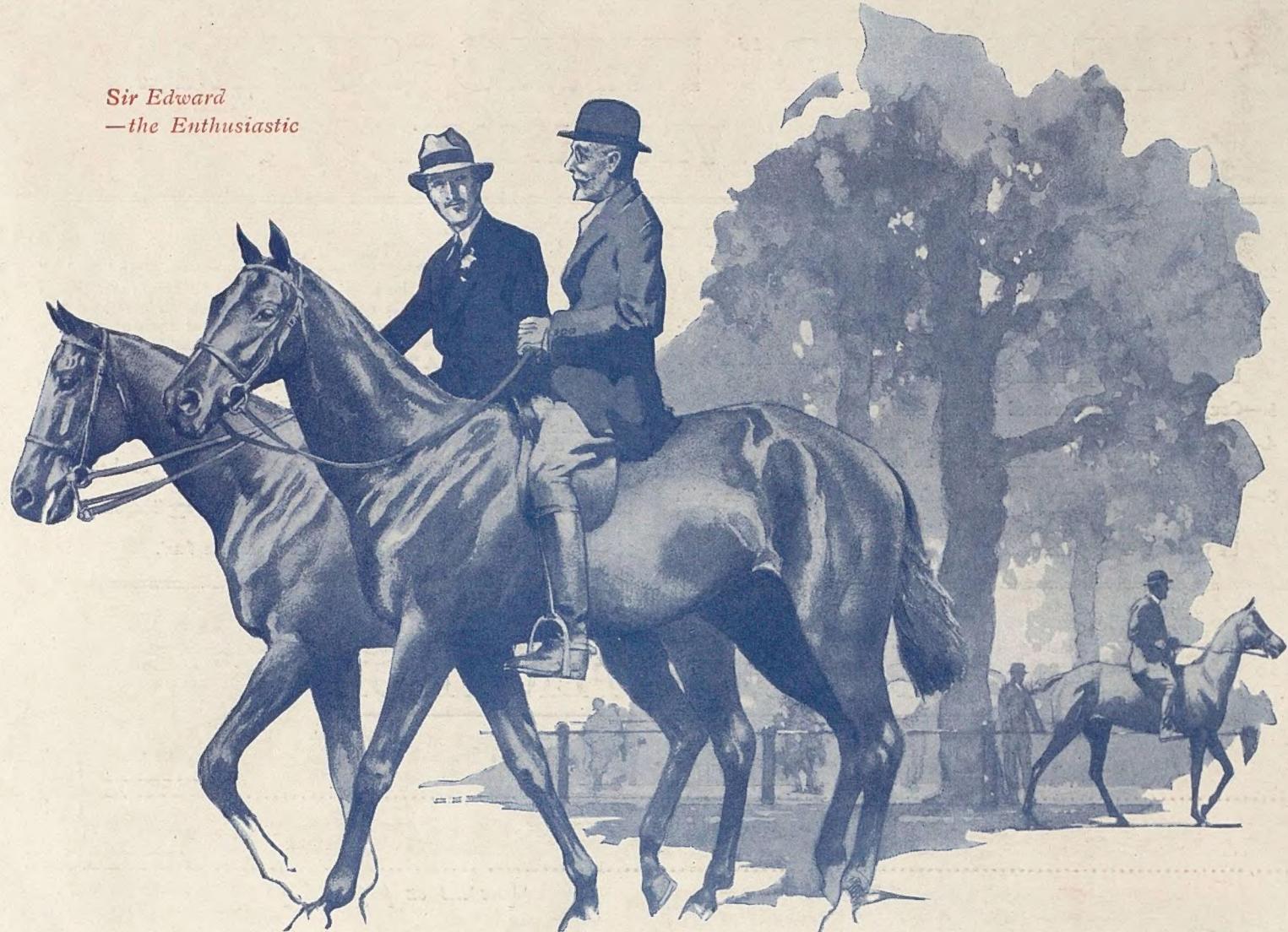
He } is over 17 years of age.

Signed (Parent or Guardian)

Address

Date

*Sir Edward
—the Enthusiastic*



“Knight Error and Grakle.”

Travers : “ Heard about Freddie’s luck ? ”

Sir Edward : “ No. What’s happened ? ”

Travers : “ It appears he backed the successful double to win £10,000, and, noticing ‘ Duggie’s ’ offer of hedging facilities to his clients, wired him the day before the National to hedge £5,000 of it. ”

Sir Edward : “ Very sensible, too. But he’s only won £5,000 ! ”

Travers : “ No, that’s where his luck comes in. On settling morning instead of receiving £5,000 as he expected, he received Stuart’s cheque for £10,000. ”

Sir Edward : “ Some misunderstanding, I suppose ? ”

Travers : “ He immediately communicated with ‘ Duggie ’ who received the telegram all right, but Freddie had forgotten to sign it, and, of course, his instructions re hedging were not carried out. ”

Sir Edward : “ Marvellous ! But Freddie always was a very lucky fellow. ”

Travers : “ Yes, but that does not quite finish the tale. It seems that a few weeks earlier Freddie having sent an unsigned wire winning a substantial sum, went and saw Stuart, who allowed him his winnings in full, so on this occasion he rather thought it was up to him to have £5,000 deducted from his winnings. ”

Sir Edward : “ What did Stuart say ? ”

Travers : “ Oh, ‘ Duggie ’ would not hear of it, and insisted upon him keeping the £10,000, but, of course, gave him a quiet calling down about his carelessness. Extraordinary generosity, don’t you think so ? ”

Sir Edward : “ I would agree with you if it were anyone else but Stuart, but such actions as these are only characteristic of the way he conducts his business. I assure you I hear of them daily, and that’s why I am so enthusiastic about ‘ Duggie. ’ ”

Follow Sir Edward’s advice—
Write a personal note to
“ Duggie ” now and become
an equally enthusiastic client.

Douglas Stuart

“Stuart House,” Shaftesbury Avenue, London.